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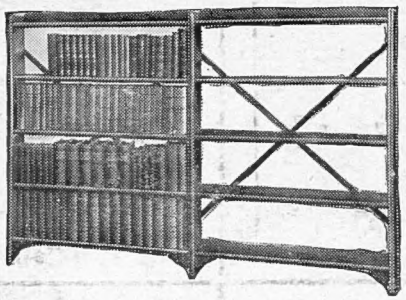

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The Bystander, October 19, 1932

No. 1505. Vol. CXVI

The BYSTANDER

Paul Tanqueray

THE COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK

Lady Brecknock is the wife of the Marquess Camden's eldest son, and she and her husband are two of the best known and most popular people around London. They have two children, a daughter of eleven, and a son who was born two years ago. Lady Brecknock is the daughter of Colonel A. E. Jenkins, of Wherwell Priory

Left: Mrs. Booker and Lord Erleigh, two visitors at dinner and supper at the Roman's Club, the headquarters of which are at Romano's Restaurant, in the Strand

Below: Mrs. Frank Hopwood, Mr. Byam Shaw, Miss Betty MacLean, and Mr. Frank Hopwood, who was host to the party on this occasion

"Friends, ROMANS..."

Town and Countrymen Pictured at the Roman's Club

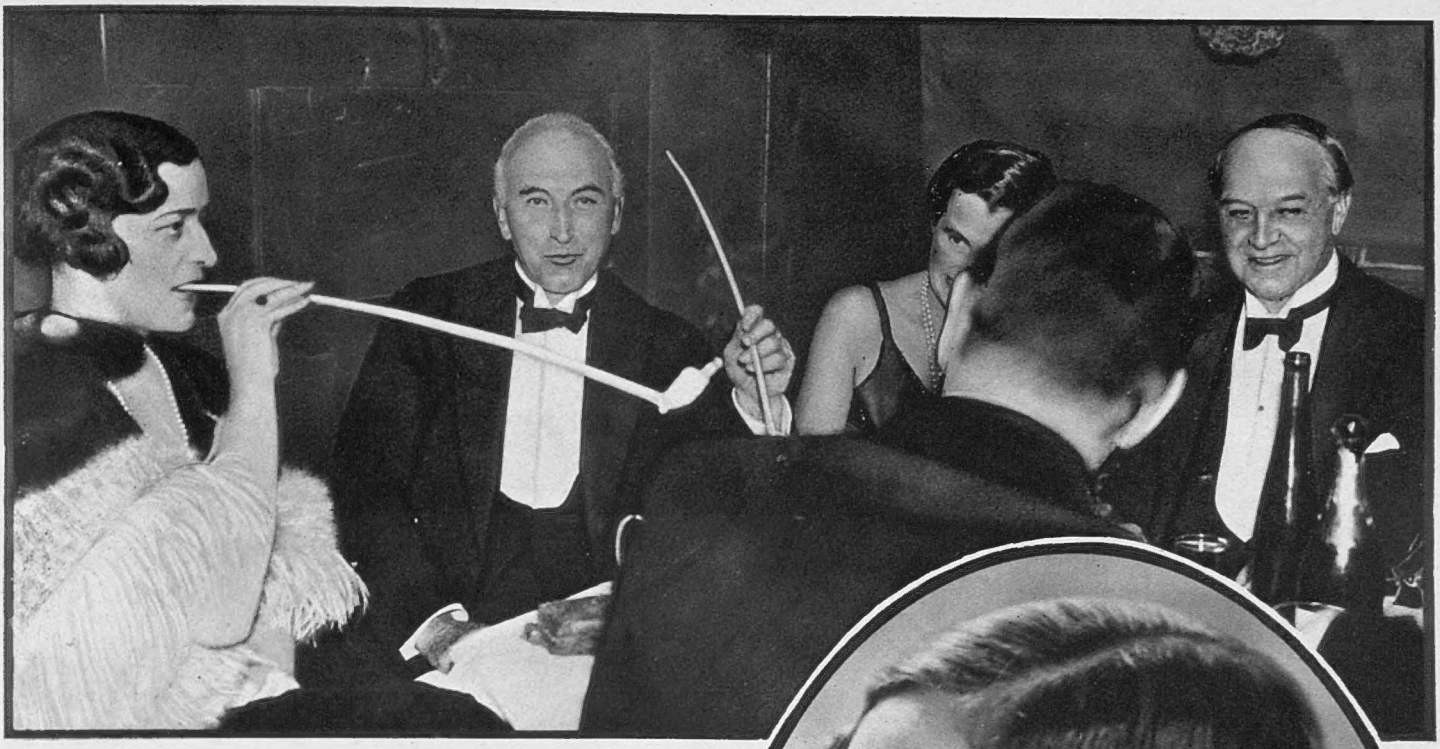
Above: Miss O. Hampton, Captain Tylden and Captain Savill, three more diners seen at the Roman's Club

Above: Captain Turner, Mrs Seville, Mr. Charles Romer, Mrs. Oldham, Mr. Nevill Colt, and Miss Angela Villiers seen at supper

THE ancient glories of Romano's are being revived by the formation of a dinner and luncheon club, called the Roman's, the members of which find the famous gallery an exceedingly pleasant place at which to meet—and eat and dance

Left: Lord North's party, including Lady North, Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, Mrs. Weber Brown, Lord North, Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt and Mr. Weber Brown

Photos by L.N.A.



Pipes After Dinner

Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, smokes her churchwarden as to the manner born, and Sir John Simon keeps her company, when they and Lady Lymington and Admiral Mark Kerr all dined together at that Mecca of Americans, the Cheshire Cheese

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

ONCE again Mayfair drew almost completely blank in the Irish Sweep, but, at least, the owner of Nitsichin, who won, is a member of the Bachelor's Club, and most of the members of this thriving institution took his tip and backed it. Nitsichin has already won more than fifteen times his purchase price in stakes alone for Mr. David Shaw-Kennedy.

OTHER people who benefited by his win were the boys at the Eton Manor Club, which is run in the East End by Mr. Arthur Villiers, Lord Dynevor's brother-in-law. Mr. Shaw-Kennedy takes an active interest in it, and teaches them boxing and Rugby football. He has certainly been rewarded for allowing his horse to run, largely because of the prayers of his friends who had indulged in an ante-post flutter. Incidentally, Michael Beary put a lot of people on to it in Bond Street the other day.

Bertram Park

The Lady Lettice Cotterell

A new portrait of Lady Lettice Cotterell, whose daughter was born last month. Lady Lettice, who married Mr. Richard Cotterell two years ago, is the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp's eldest daughter, and her baby is their first grandchild

At St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Right: Lieut.-Commander H. P. Henderson, R.N., and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Warner, daughter of the famous cricketer, Mr. "Plum" Warner, leaving the church after their wedding last week

THE KING AND QUEEN both saw the race, and, of course, the Princess Royal, who has been a "regular" for some years now. In the Royal party from Sandringham were Lord and Lady Somers, Lord and Lady Allendale, Lady Cynthia Colville, and Sir Bryan Godfrey-Fausset

It was a glorious day, but everyone who could showed off her new furs. Of Marquesses we had three—My Lords Blandford, Crewe, and Zetland. Of Noble Earls I counted five—My Lords Derby, Ellesmere, Lindsay, Rosebery, and Lonsdale.

SILVER foxes were scarce, though Lady Churchill and Lady Helen Primrose wore them. Kolinsky collars, however, were worn by the Queen, Lady Lonsdale, and Lady Amherst of Hackney, and sable coats by Lady Zetland, Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Rochfort McGuire, and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. The chief effect, though, was produced by the very bright checks, and what a man would call tam o' shanters. The knitted bérets are going out—though, in any case, they would give most women neuralgia in October.

THE wedding of the week was undoubtedly that of Lord David Cecil and Miss McCarthy. Both are bookish people, but, fortunately, books did not figure largely among the wedding presents. One of the gifts was a pearl necklace from the first Lady Curzon, who gave it to the bridegroom when he was a baby to give to his bride when he got married. Another unusual present was a water-colour caricature from Max Beerbohm depicting himself as "The Stricken Deer."

MOST of the presents were of a practical nature—an armchair from the Derbys, a table from Lady Milner, two more armchairs from the Desboroughs, a chest of drawers from the Devonshires, a bookcase from Lady Ruth Balfour, and a suitable number of that most useful present of all, lamps, together with a grandfather clock, silver salvers, and tea services from the tenants. This should go a long way towards furnishing the house near Salisbury which they have bought.

THE only large affair of the past few days was the dance-reception at Bute House given by the Egyptian Minister. The Duke of Marlborough, that accomplished dancer, took the floor with Lady Leigh. Lord Melchett was unaccompanied by his wife, who had fallen off her horse. Sir John Maffey was generally agreed to be far and away the handsomest man in London, when he is not governing the Soudan.

A Birthday Party

Punch's celebrated its first birthday last week, and here are some of the guests at the party given for the occasion: Mr. Philip Page, Mr. Dale Bourn, Mr. Hilton Philipson, Miss Celia Palmer, Mrs. Stewart Browne, Mrs. Tom Mills, and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg

A. V. Swaebe

Lady Rosemary Baring and one of her small bridesmaids, Miss Penelope Luttrell, outside St. George's, Dunster, where her wedding to Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Hills took place. On the right is her sister, Lady Violet Baring, who was also a bridesmaid; they are the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Cromer

At Blackpool for the recent annual Conservative Conference: Captain Lord Stanley, M.P. for Fylde, in Lancashire, who is the President of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, and Mrs. Euan Wallace; her husband is M.P. for Hornsey

THE Bulgarian Minister introduced me to his younger daughter. Lady Dashwood wore a very dashing tightly-fitting dress of contrasting heliotrope and purple. She wears her hair parted in the middle, as so many women are doing now. Captain Tattersall, D.S.O., the scourge of the débutante, told me that he is taking his vitriolic pen from the *Daily Sketch* to the *Daily Mail*. Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd arrived rather late.

SEEN in London this week: Lord Warwick, back from Cairo, talking to Mrs. Kenneth Richards; the Maharajah of Burdwan playing squash racquets at the Royal Automobile Club; Evelyn Waugh, at the Albert Hall, at the Cook-McCorkindale fight; Lord Donegall dancing with Miss Enid Raphael; Mrs. Pim in a new waist-length cape with yards of white fox fur trimming; Mrs. Claude Leigh dancing with Lord Carisbrooke; Lady Carisbrooke and Mr. Claude Leigh watching them.

MRS. JACK LOWTHER, wife of the Pytchley M.F.H., at the International Sportsmen's Club; Lord and Lady Ossory and Lord Powerscourt at the International Sportsmen's Club; Hamish Erskine supping with Lady Veronica Hornby; Lady Doria Hope examining the picture of herself by Eileen Bennett's husband; the Maharanee of Cooch Behar giving a dinner party of twenty at Quaglino's; Sir Austen Chamberlain at Christie's; Ernest Thesiger at Ernest Thesiger's private view of water-colours; C. B. Cochran having a cocktail with Irving Berlin; Lady Joan Villiers off to the country; Teddie Gerard at an all-in wrestling match.

SEEING Mr. Eric Hatry the other night reminded me that his sister-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Hatry, is now living in very poor circumstances near Palma, in Majorca. Majorca, though, is a lovely place, and absurdly inexpensive. There

for Punch's Club *Sasha*

is rather a clique of Americans, who have been so hard hit by Wall Street and the ever-present economic crisis that they have only about £5000 a year each, but they are said to be quite charming. Their cheap rendezvous is the International Bar, though there are two others.

Later in the evening at Punch's Club for the birthday celebrations: Captain Cecil Pim and Miss Enid Raphael dining together

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ford following the little white ball at North Berwick. Mrs. "Jimmy" Ford was Princess Marie Bariatinsky; her husband is in the Grenadiers

LAND has soared up in price, and now varies between £400 and £2400 an acre. You can buy a bottle of local wine for fourpence, though, and a bottle of brandy for seven shillings. There is no golf course and no casino, and very little contract bridge. But that is not going to prevent it becoming increasingly smart this winter.

OXFORD is now back in residence, but the golfing Blues received a shock when they found that Charles Sweeney, who had been elected Captain of the O.U.G.C., has not elected to return. He is now pretty busy in London, earning a living and going about. But there are still three old golf Blues in residence. There are six "Rugger" Blues left, and the Captain is N. K. Lamport, of Balliol. He has lost his full-back and most of his forwards, but the remainder will make a very useful nucleus.

OXFORD has altered a good deal in the past three years. Cocktail parties, which were such a feature of undergraduate life when Mr. Peter Watson, Mr. Hamish Erskine, and their contemporaries were up, are as rare as possible. Hearties are no longer hearties, as they say in the *Isis*, and the æsthete is no longer purely an æsthete. Best of all, most of the youths who were so busy writing best-sellers have now gone down, and there has even been a President of the Union who was a "Rugger" Blue.

I AM told that Mrs. Coats, the widow of Jack Coats, has been rather hit, financially, by the fact that her husband did not leave a will. She is living in the house at Sunningdale, and trying to let the palatial flat in Gloucester House, Park Lane. Major Coats is said to have left over £300,000, but death duties are very heavy.

MISS ROSE BINGHAM'S venture into trade—she was an assistant in a hat shop—has been of short duration. But she prefers living in London to the life in the country. Miss Whigham's position as a leader of fashion was recently proved when Victor Stiebel, to whom she goes for most of her dresses, had five clients one recent afternoon all clamouring for copies of the dress in which they had seen the Whigham at luncheon at the Ritz that day.

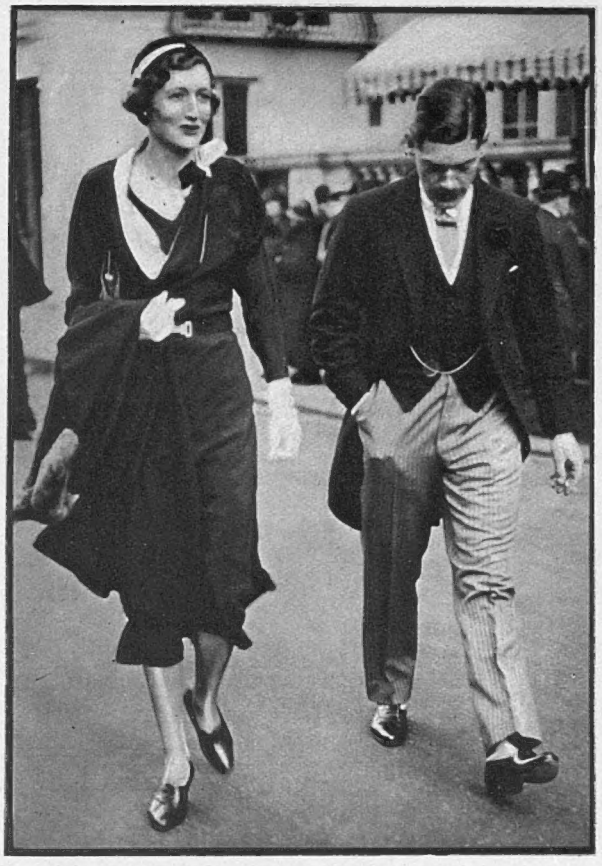
THE departure of Mr. Willy Vanderbilt for China or Shanghai, or wherever it is, has caused a good deal of grief. He is a pleasant and generous young man, and has had a remarkably good time since he made his appearance in Mayfair, rather before Ascot. He followed it up in the South of France and in Paris, and then back again in London a few days ago, before he decided that a rest would do him good.

AFTER all, I hear that Quaglino is not going to take over Ciro's, which re-opens to-night. He decided at the last moment that even he could not be in two places at the same time. The Club has now been entirely re-decorated, a snack bar has been provided, there is a new orchestra, and it is whispered that the Club subscription may be reduced.

Leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding: Mr. Somerset de Chair and Miss Thelma Arbuthnot, who went off to Corsica for their honeymoon, in order to get local colour for the novel which Mr. de Chair is writing about Napoleon

A Correction

LAST week's BYSTANDER (page 66) contained a "howler" for which we offer our frankest apologies. A snapshot taken at Quaglino's was captioned as follows: "Commander Geoffrey Rodd and his fiancée, Miss Peggy Joyce." Commander Rodd is not engaged to Miss Peggy Joyce, and any statement to that effect is entirely without foundation. THE BYSTANDER, in publishing this correction, expresses its regrets to Commander Rodd and Miss Peggy Joyce for any annoyance or inconvenience which the mistake may have caused.



Arriving at the reception, which was held at the Earl and Countess of Plymouth's house in Hyde Park Gardens: Miss Pamela Dawnay, daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Guy Dawnay, and Captain Clive

Below, right: Viscountess Galway photographed outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, where the wedding took place

Wedding Marchers

Guests at the Marriage of Lord O'Neill and Miss Anne Charteris

Above: The Duchess of Rutland, with her sister, Lady Colquhoun. Lady Ursula Manners and Miss Fiona Colquhoun were bridesmaids; Lady Isobel Manners was to be one, but was prevented by illness

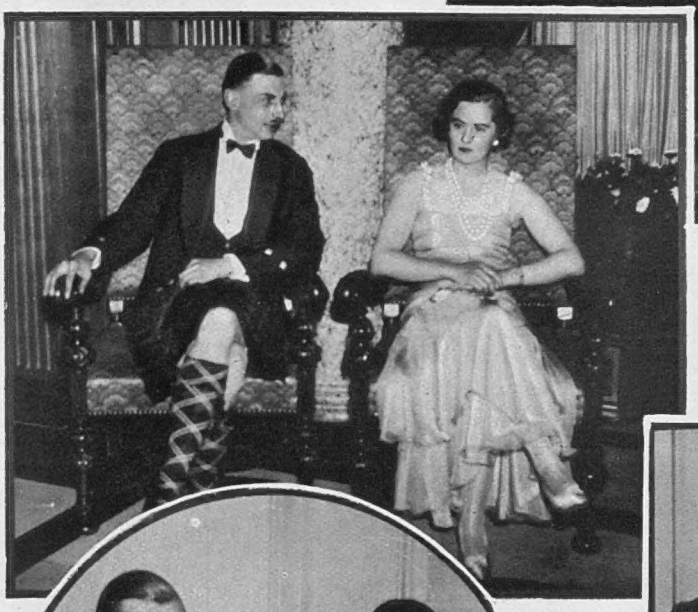
Three more of the guests were Lord and Lady Elgin, and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Cochrane, whose husband is a cousin of Lord O'Neill

The Duke of Rutland looks like traffic-directing when leaving the reception with his mother, Violet, Duchess of Rutland

Northern Chariteers

Dancing at the Gleneagles Hotel

Below : Mr. Buchanan Dunlop and his partner, Miss Sybil Mayor, sitting out between dances



A group at the dance held in aid of the Perthshire Federation of District Nursing Associations, which includes Sir Kay Muir, Lady Muir, her brother, Mr. Ivan Stancioff, Mrs. Stancioff, Lady Boyle, Mr. Sillen, and Captain and Mrs. Hopkinson

Above: Baron Vichy (centre), who is the Hungarian Minister in London, talking to Mr. and Mrs. H. Henning

Above : Mr. and Mrs. Thynne and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Tennent arrive together at the Gleneagles Hotel for the dance

Right : A quartette among the four hundred guests who danced in the cause of charity were the Hon. David Balfour, Miss Alison Beveridge, Mr. Forsyth, and Miss Marianne Borthwick

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Round the Supper Table

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A Racing Reverie

In France—A Course and A Horse

By "Regular"

AT the conclusion of the next war, a corridor through the outskirts of Paris, comprising the Bois de Boulogne and Longchamps, would be a very fitting recompense to England for her neutrality.

WHEN we talk of Longchamps, though my whole expression changes, and though on each visit to Paris I am on the verge of creating an International situation, I must give them the credit for possessing the finest racecourse in the world.

OH, yes, I know quite well that I shall get a dozen letters telling me that the descent to the straight is too steep, and that the bend is too sharp, and that you cannot compare it with Newmarket.

MY answer to that is: "I am not comparing it with Newmarket."

IF our friend, Sir Alfred Butt, built a new theatre with the biggest and best stage in the world, but so constructed that the audience could see less than a quarter of it, it would not be sufficient, in answer to the catcalls of those who had paid for their seats, for Sir Alfred to reply: "You be quiet. It 's a beautiful stage for the actors."

NEWMARKET may be a beautiful course for the horses. (I am sure the going, along that stretch at the back of the ditch, out of sight of the stands, is unrivalled in any part of the world.) Longchamps, on the other hand, is a marvellous course for the audience.

EXCEPTING for the few seconds when the horses pass behind a clump of trees on the far side, every yard of the running is visible. All sorts of "funny business" is supposed to go on behind those trees, but I don't believe it.

A FRENCHMAN once said to me: "Do you know where the great George Stern used to win his races?" Having heard of this great jockey's wonderful finishing powers, I pointed to the last half-furlong. "No," he replied. "Behind there," and he pointed to the clump of trees.

I HAVE seen the best horse in the world—not only is he the best horse in the world, but he is the most amazing horse that was ever foaled.

Two years ago, after a long and honourable career (among his victories being the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe), Motrico was retired to the stud, and, as was only befitting to so noble an animal, he was presented with twenty-four wives.

Now Motrico was a good, and I almost said faithful, husband, though zealous, I think, is a more apt word, and eighteen of his wives were blessed with little ones.

I SHOULD have said earlier that Motrico had one peculiarity. Actually, he had four peculiarities, which were in the shape of the most amazing legs you have ever seen—his pasterns running parallel with the ground, and, in consequence, his fetlocks almost touching it.

THAT Motrico should be a good racehorse, despite his deformity, was considered to be a million to one chance, and his owner, Vicomte Max de Rivaud, decided that should any of Motrico's children be similarly deformed, he should be sent back into training.

IMAGINE, then, the dismay when every one of Motrico's eighteen children were found to have legs like father It was a sad day at the Haras (French for stud, in case you don't know). Slowly and sadly they led him away, his twenty-four wives and eighteen crooked-legged children neighing their farewells, back to the training establishment of M. d'Okhuysen at Maisons Laffitte.

NOW when a horse has been married, he feels himself entitled to feminine society, and is apt to kick up rather a fuss if he is deprived of it. Not so Motrico. He never appeared to give a thought to those love-sick brides at the far-away Haras, nor to any other ladies he met in the course of his day's work.

AWAY from the cares and worries of his harem at the Haras, Motrico once more gave all his attention to running faster than his fellows, and once again this year won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, beating all the best horses in France, the two crack Italian horses, Fenolo and Sanzio, and our old friend, Goyescas, carrying the maximum weight of 60 kilos.

THE victory, too, was gained under the most exacting conditions, as when he went to make his effort on Motrico, turning into the straight, Semblat found his way blocked by a wall of horses, and he had to come round the lot, thereby covering a furlong more than anyone else.

NOW comes the sequel. All Motrico's children have outgrown their early deformity, and not one of them now has legs like father.

H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla with Mr. Marcus Marsh, his trainer, at the Kempton Park races

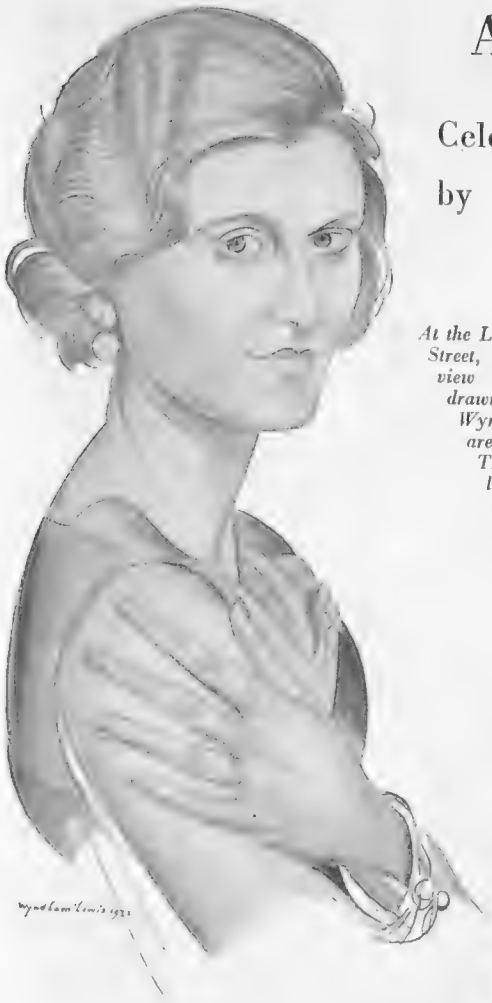
Across the Border

A group including Captain McEwan, Miss Marjorie Scott, the Countess of Haddington, Lady Angela Scott, and Lady Anne Hope, interested spectators at the Kelso (Roxburghshire) races

According to Wyndham Lewis

Celebrities as pictured by the Author-Artist

At the Lefevre Galleries, in King Street, St. James's, there is on view a collection of thirty drawings, and a self-portrait, by Wyndham Lewis, five of which are reproduced on this page. These were executed in pencil last summer, and the sitters embrace a wide range of notabilities. The collection is being reproduced in collotype and will be published by Desmond Harmsworth. Only two hundred sets, signed and numbered by the artist, will be printed, and these will be on sale at £2 2s. each



Miss Marie Ney

Miss Marie Ney is the well-known actress, who is as happy in costume comedy as she is in modern dress

Miss Edith Evans

As herself, and not as Madame Irela, the prima donna, whom she impersonates so brilliantly in "Evensong"

Mr. J. B. Priestley

Above: Author, critic, and playwright is Mr. J. B. Priestley, and he was in Hollywood not long ago, looking after the filming of one of his books

Wing-Commander Orlebar

Left: The first man to fly at over 357 miles an hour, Wing-Commander A. H. Orlebar created this speed record for Great Britain in the Schneider contest of 1929

Mr. Noel Coward

Mr. Noel Coward is good at more things at once than most people, for he writes plays, lyrics, and the music therefor, and acts and produces as well

At the Theatre

Crime Grave and Gay : Bond St. Bandits and a Bad Blonde

"ROAD HOUSE"

THE Hackett way to hilarity halts topically by a languishing "pub," ousted from the map by a new arterial road, cuts back to show the bar parlour in 1899, with Marion Lorne, as her own mother, coyly taking drops of gin with the racing gentry, and goes on to show us the "Angel's" complete transformation into the "Angel Face" Road House, complete with flighty ladies in luscious bathing-dresses, a telephone box with an unshuttable door, mighty handy for eavesdroppers, and every modern convenience for the pursuit of crime in the best Park Lane manner.

IT is all great fun, quite absurd, enormously complicated and highly entertaining. Marion Lorne is the daughter of the "Angel's" ex-barmaid, who ran away to South Africa with a sprig of the nobility whose wife refused to pay his Goodwood losses. The bookie took the "pub" in settlement, and made it over to the barmaid, who handed it over to the pot-boy, who loved her dearly. On the principle that life goes in circles, the two generations return to the scene of their youth and rediscover themselves on the day of a smash-and-grab raid in Bond Street, in which a policeman was shot dead. Marion Lorne, innocently driving the blue Austin "wanted" by Scotland Yard, is waylaid by Police Constables Godfrey Tearle (son of the bookie, and late of the North-West Frontier Police) and Ronald Shiner, in a motor-cycle combination which "konks out" bang opposite the "Angel's" front door. A well-aimed revolver shot punctures one of the Austin's tyres, and lands Miss Lorne into a hot-bed of suspicion. Gordon Harker, ex-pot-boy, and now mine host, champions her cause with many terse back-handers at the cops' expense. After the cut-back, two crooks arrive on the scene with their lady accomplice (Sheila Courtenay), and drop clue number one. This is a cigarette-lighter, which changes hands with baffling significance. There is also a stolen pearl necklace, which jumps about from handbag to pocket, and finally lands up in the overcoat of the cop-slayer (Richard Gray), who was about to elope with Marion Lorne's long-lost step-sister (Christine Barry). Which shows that this particular gang of smash-and-grabbers keep surprisingly good company. Indeed, most of the patrons of the "Angel Face" possess titles—item, Lady Chetwynd (Jeanne Stuart), who wanders amorously from bar to bathing-pool and is not particular whether her swain be crook or copper.

I CAN tell the Hackett fans no more, for the excellent reason that the order of events defies recollection. There is a corpse propped up to simulate life; there is some neat bluff over a loaded revolver; and, most important of all at this theatre, a grand part for the Lorne. Never has that delicious portrayer of dithering spinsterhood been in direr straits of bewilderment or made better play with her trump cards. But the surprise and delight of the evening is to see her, minus blink and stammer, playing her barmaid mother as if a one-note technique were no part of her stock-in-trade. A Nota Bene is here for Mr. Hackett's next. It is good to see Gordon Harker in a typical Edgar Wallace part which could be as long as infinity without straining our allegiance to an inimitable comedian. Godfrey Tearle is a tower of rugged and romantic strength as a sleuth with a nice taste in dinner jackets. A most amusing evening.

"COLD BLOOD"

THIS prolonged mixture of talk and sensationalism must move quicker and slicker if it is to administer a satisfactory kick to twice-nightly audiences. E. Powys Mathers, who is "Torquemada" of cross-word puzzle fame, takes six leisurely scenes of his first play to develop the ravages and reactions wrought by a platinum blonde from America amid the English male inmates of a small hotel on the Riviera, decorated in a peculiarly revolting shade of grey, and then lifts the curtain on the dead body of that brazen sex-maniac and asks us to guess who plunged the carving-knife to such purpose in the deceased's bare back.

In choosing between the elderly K.C. (Marcus Barron), the breezy low-brow (Garry Marsh), the neurotic young author (Francis James) and his fiancée (Mary Newland), Mrs. Low-brow (Marjory Clark), the Arab waitress (Adela Mavis), the waiter (Anthony Ireland), whose exit from the blonde's communal bedroom was the last straw, the proprietress (Stella Rho), and the gracious, aristocratic lady (Mabel Terry-Lewis) who knew the vamp's mother, the final problem presented little difficulty. One thoroughly approved of the humanitarian motive which justified the slaughter in the coldest of cold blood of such a menace to public morals as Peggy-May. The release, one felt, was half an hour overdue. The same knife might well have been used to prune the dialogue of its drearier off-shoots. Frances Day seductively out-dazzles the Baddest Blondes of Hollywood in a succession of revealing beach-pyjamas, and flings herself into the sex-appeal business with the downright abandon of musical comedy. A brave effort. Garry Marsh has the best chances among the men, and Mabel Terry-Lewis holds the last scene together with well-managed tears and intensity. Rather a "soddening" (to borrow one of the author's brighter mots) affair, which falls between the opposite stools of elaborate character-drawing and elementary crime detection with dull intervals intervening.

TRINCULO.

"Strange Orchestra," at the St. Martin's

"Oh, God! it's gas." The suicide that failed in "Strange Orchestra" at the St. Martin's. Esther Lyndon (Mary Casson), Gordon Lyndon (Clifford Bartlett), Vera Lyndon (Laura Cowie), George (David Hutcheson), Val (Robert Harris), and Freda (Nadine March).

"Wild Violets"

Gathered in "the Lane"

The Albertina Rasch Dancers

One of the attractions at the forthcoming musical production at Drury Lane will be the Albertina Rasch Girls. Three of these dancers, Ruth Fisher, Marguerite Earle, and Josephine Roberts, are seen above

Above: Three more of the Albertina Rasch Girls, Ingo Anderson, heads the trio, Nonie Dale is in the middle, and Vida McLain is below. Ingo Anderson is British and hails from Canada, but with the others it is a case of Hail, Columbia! Right: Another picture of the Albertina Rasch Girls, who are appearing at Drury Lane. L. to R.; Nonie Dale, Ingo Anderson, and Vida McLain in characteristic pose

Photos by Sasha

Letters of a Lady Golfer

Ranelagh and Roehampton —Grand Finale

The Closing Stages of "The Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes: By Eleanor E. Helme

Little Miss Wanda Morgan put up some fireworks in the second round

DEAR BYSTANDER,

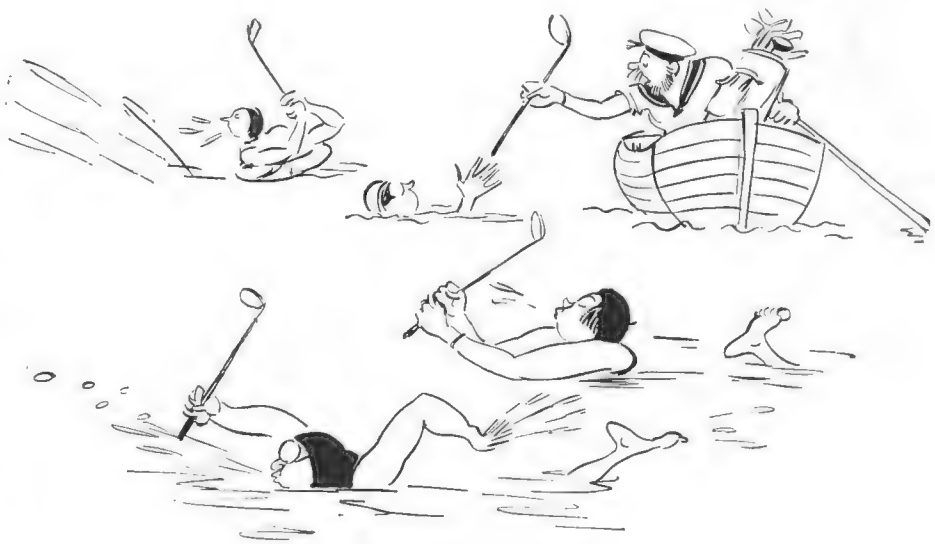
WEREN'T we lucky to have that glorious weather for Ranelagh? I believe that, though some players practised in a hailstorm the day before, never an umbrella was unfurled during the week itself; and the sun shone, and only a few autumn leaves whirled about the last green. I don't know if comparisons are rude, but, really, I do think this was the best Autumn Foursomes there has been for a long time, with the course most certainly in the finest condition. The amazing scores people were getting round in bore testimony to that. What did you think, for instance, of four under fours for the homeward holes from Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake in the semi-final, and level fours for their match in the final—with Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg pretty nearly the same in their two Friday efforts?

Mrs. Cross very cross with the rails at the 3rd hole, which is not surprising

MY last letter to you ended when we were drying our tears over defeated champions and thinking that Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery would perhaps manage to uphold the honour of the great ones. Mrs. Truscott and Mrs. Harrison, however, decided otherwise, to the tune of 2 and 1, playing with rock-like steadiness, so that a couple of short putts missed and a tee-shot into the pond at the 14th were extravagances which the low handicap pair simply could not afford. It is very hard to be a champion at Ranelagh. Mercifully, the champions realise it, and pull no long faces when such little things happen as a cannon off a notice-board—which meant the fairway instead of out of bounds. Instead, they smile, and the fashionable wish to your victor under such circumstances appears to be, "May all the notice-boards be with you." Not that the eventual winners needed any such little aids in the final stages. The one roof had been supremely with them on the Wednesday afternoon, and after that it was their own strong right arm (with, presumably, a little assistance as well from the left hip and a pair of courageous and placid hearts) which meant that theirs are the names which decorate the cups.

ALL Thursday morning, though, we were chiefly occupied in wondering whether Miss Amory and Miss de Gunzbourg would beat Mrs. Walker and Miss McLintock, who had to give them a couple of shots. When I tell you that the ex-Irish Champion and her Scottish partner had three holes in a total of seven shots as a final expiring effort, and still did not win, you can probably tell for yourself that the golf was pretty good. The young pair might not be quite such infants as some of their enthusiastic admirers make out. To be exact, Miss Grace Amory is eighteen, and Miss Aline de Gunzbourg seventeen, but it did show wonderful command of the situation to win after losing three of a lead of four so very late in the proceedings. They are both high-class players, and I have a horrible feeling that in years to come (and only a few of them at that) Miss Amory's name will figure under U.S.A. and Miss de Gunzbourg's under France v. Great Britain, and that both will have a win after their name. They managed that afternoon to beat Mrs. Granger Harrison and Mrs. Truscott by 5 and 4, but one must admit that those two did not do themselves justice, and that even Mrs. Truscott's famed putts had not their usual affection for the bottom of the hole. The chief other Thursday-morning event was the defeat by Miss Firth and Miss Neilson of that gallant couple, Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Ricardo. Of the afternoon sensations, I think the biggest was that Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake should trounce Miss Cotgrave and Miss Plumpton by 6 and 4; but the pair were very heavily handicapped, of which more some other week. Miss Firth and Miss Neilson won a good match from Miss Eagle and Mrs. Woodhouse, one of the pairs who ought to have a special prize for faithful partnership, and Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg put out the Miss Younges, so that people began to take their chances seriously. But they did say: "Surely a fifteen handicap pair must crack soon?" so that it was a genuine surprise when they beat Miss Amory and Miss de Gunzbourg 2 and 1 in the semi-final.

(*Continued on page 150*)



Water-Golf-cum-Polo

Our artist's idea of how it should be played, there being so many lakes and ponds at Ranelagh. This drawing may have been derived from his own personal experience

All the Winners

At Ranelagh and Roehampton

Successful Competitors in "The Bystander's" Autumn Foursomes, the Biggest Event of their Kind in the World

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke presenting their trophies to Mrs. V. G. Davies, who is the wife of the "Rugger" International of a few years ago, and her partner, Miss M. Lake, at Ranelagh

Ranelagh: The Winners and Runners-up

Miss K. Timberg (Calcot), Mrs. V. G. Davies (Royal Mid-Surrey), Miss M. Lake (Worthing), and Mrs. A. H. Dicker (Great Yarmouth and Caister); Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake won their cups by one hole in the final round

Miss J. Lashmore driving from the 11th in the finals at Roehampton; she and her partner, Miss M. South, were successful by 3 and 2 in the Roehampton competition

The Final Tableau at Roehampton

The winners, Miss J. Lashmore (Rothley Park) and Miss M. South (Denham), are in the centre; on their left and right are two of the semi-finalists, Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. A. M. Wyatt (Roehampton); and on the extreme left and right are the runners-up, Miss D. Lampson and her sister, Mrs. Bushman, both of Bramley

All Film-Minded

Three Débutantes of the Screen

Hay Wrightson

Miss Evelyn Spilsbury

Lenare

Miss Betty Maclean

Above, left: Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, who is the only daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Spilsbury, has done a good deal of film work, and is taking her acting career very seriously. She was in "The Double Bluff" and also "Wedding Rehearsal," which has been at the New Gallery for a week or two

Above, right: Another film recruit who is working hard at it is Miss Betty Maclean, younger daughter of the late Mr. Somerset Maclean, and Mrs. Paton; she is related to the Macleans of Ardgour. She was in "Looking on the Bright Side" and "Jack's the Boy," and is now working in the new A.R.P. film, "Three Men in a Boat"

Elwin Neame

Miss Mevagh Forbes

Left: The third of our film débutantes is Miss Mevagh Forbes, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. James Forbes, and a niece of Lady Edmonstone. She was presented last year; she is now working in the studios in "While London Sleeps"

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 11—"The Scavenger"

WE don't care a single lot
To play Bridge and all that rot—
Thought-making games are really quite too peeving—
And it always gets us wrong,
If we must keep quiet long,
For our patience it is short beyond believing.
But jolly games like Scavenging
Are just too utterly the thing.

Lift a leading lady's lipstick
From her dressing-room, and then
Dash to Dulwich and procure there
Two tail feathers from a hen.
Unconsidered trifles gather,
Like Autolycus, to-night;
Crash around with noise and clatter,
Bawl and bellow, chaff and chatter,
Be a nuisance—it won't matter—
But for heaven's sake be BRIGHT!

Concerts make us feel unwell,
Bach and Beethoven are hell,
Whilst we abso-bally-lutely feel like fainting
If, to please some artist lout,
We are forced to snoop about
At an exhibition of the blighter's painting.
But jolly games like Scavenging
Will always be the very thing.

Pinch an armlet or a truncheon
From a bobby at East Sheen,
Cadge a pair of cleric's gaiters
From the not-so-gloomy Dean,
Keep the party going gaily
Till we see the morning light,
And though Killjoys fume and fluster
Whilst the Unco' Guid all muster
For a battle full of bluster,
We'll continue to be BRIGHT!

B. W.

If Gossip We Must . . .

Silly Restrictions—The Mayor of Deal's Meeting—General Pershing Pulverised—Harold Lloyd—Our Telephone Tyrants

ALTHOUGH those who have been fortunate enough (d——n them!) to win something in the latest Irish sweep are not concerned with anything beyond the fact that theirs was a good investment, and although those who drew blanks care not one jot what happens to the money they lost, since it can never come back to them, there is, I find, an increasing force of public opinion demanding the legalising of sweeps in this country.

This inhibition is, again, one of those stuffy and anomalous tyrannies which most people say should be abolished but which contrive to survive.

Sweep restrictions are in the same galley as Dora, or her successor: that is to say, most people scream for freedom without affecting in the least those who could secure it for them.

WITH the advent of the National Government, which left many cranks in the wilderness, which was proclaimed as the essence of common sense, and had (and still has) an enormous majority to enable it to do all manner of sane things, it was imagined that we were on the brink of achieving personal liberty at last.

Not a bit of it. Tariffs, disarmament—important things, I grant you, though they seem a long distance away—are discussed; Ministers resign and other Ministers (a surprising choice, in some cases) take their place. But from those who are paid not too badly for governing us not too well comes not a sign that they are interested in securing and protecting the freedom of the individual. What *can* they be frightened of?

THE sooner the Royal Commission on the question of Lotteries and the like comes to some sort of decision—as I write it has just started to sit again—the better.

Since the Chairman of the Commission some time ago pleaded convincingly for the legalisation of sweepstakes, and since

H. V. Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Margery Binner, the well-known actress, the Hon. Standish Vereker, son and heir of Viscount Gort, and Dorothy Hyson, the daughter of Dorothy Dickson, snapped at supper

Muriel Angelus

Who will appear in an important part in "Wild Violets" at Drury Lane Theatre, which is due for production at the end of this month. This musical comedy, it is rumoured, will have plenty of humour in it; a new departure for this theatre

the British Hospitals Association have officially declared themselves ready to receive money coming from such sources, there can surely be only one answer, and that a favourable one.

The most casual glance at the latest list of prize-winners (bl—st them !) shows that by far the greater portion of the money subscribed comes from a country where the sale of sweep tickets is forbidden by law.

By Frank R. Grey

"Why was this letter only just delivered? I see it was posted a week ago."
"Well, the postman and I have only just made up our quarrel"

Yet such a law obviously does not prevent sweepstakes occurring. It does not even prevent authority either closing the other eye or inflicting purely nominal fines.

The loudest and silliest protest seems to have come from the Salvation Army, whose spokesman, Commissioner Lamb, made a bad case worse by an answer of incredible imbecility.

If Mr. Lamb, and people of the same way of thinking, wish to stand up against the will of an overwhelming majority in the community, facetiousness is quite the wrong way of setting about it. The only opposition, however, that would not be hypocritical bunk, would be that which might conceivably have arisen, on strictly business grounds, from the Irish Hospitals. And, to their credit, the Irish hospitals have kept quiet about it.

At the time of the South African war, Kipling wrote something about "killing Kruger with your mouth." If Dora were susceptible to this type of slaughter, she would have been dead long ago, for plenty of people have fulminated against her.

There is to be another fulmination of monster size to-night, (Oct. 19) when, at the Albert Hall, there will be an anti-Dora mass meeting, with Lord Moynihan and Captain Davis, the doughty Mayor of Deal, as the bright, particular stars.

I trust they will be bright, but not over-particular, since the form of tyrannical stupidity represented by Dora calls for strong methods. The more of these mass meetings, the better. I only wish I could be more hopeful of their succeeding in forcing definite action.

This nation, especially that part of it which was going through hell in France through the weary years when America was too proud to fight, does not regard the egregious General Pershing with too friendly an eye.

The General's insults to British troops in his book, *My Experiences in the World War*, will take a deuce of a lot of forgetting. I doubt, indeed, whether they will ever be forgotten—a matter at which one would rejoice were it not that a form of quite undeserved immortality would thus be conferred on a person of negligible importance.

Heartily do I commend to all those who have been justly enraged at the American Commander-in-Chief's criticisms, another book by another American general. This is *The Nation at War*, by General March, who was Pershing's superior officer.

The tale told herein of Pershing's incompetence, lack of tact,

Sasha

The Promise—and Performance—of Spring

Joy Spring, one of those members of the cast who are—and have—such attractive features in "Words and Music," both of the latter being provided by Noel Coward in the revue of that name at the Adelphi Theatre

A Boarding-House Romance

A scene from Rodney Ackland's "Strange Orchestra" at the St. Martin's, showing Hugh Williams as Peter and Jean Forbes-Robertson as Jenny Lyndon. He said to her: "We love each other, Jenny, and it's going to last. I'll make you so happy." What she said to him, and the consequences, we will not reveal

Rowena Ronald

as she appears as Phyllis, in "Iolanthe," one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, at the Savoy Theatre, which has been included in the very successful revival season

Ralph Lynn in a New Rôle

In "Fifty-Fifty," at the Aldwych, Ralph Lynn is not now the silly ass. He plays a character part, and is seen above oblivious to the fact that his pupil (Winifred Shotter) would prefer to be taught the art of love to that of the piano

. . . Then Comes the Tug-of-War

A scene from that uproarious farce "Night of the Garter," at the Strand Theatre, showing Angela Baddeley and Connie Ediss fighting furiously over a piece of material which is, however, obviously not the garter of the title, though bearing the strain well

and sheer bungling, makes (for one is but human) joyous reading. It would also entirely cancel his sneers at the British Army, had not such sneers been too childishly spiteful to need cancelling.

THERE has been a serious proposal to invite Mr. John MacCormack, the tenor, to become the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, in place of Mr. James McNeill. Now that his country seems to have need of him, it is only left for us to hope that the popular singer will strike up "I Hear You Calling Me" in deadly earnest, and act upon it.

But why not Mr. Talbot O'Farrell?

AT the May Fair the other night, I found myself seated, at a supper-party, next to a youngish, dark, good-looking man, who talked about national characteristics, ancient superstitions, development in men's dress, and cooking in the eighteenth century. We had not been introduced, and it was not for half an hour or so that I discovered that he was Harold Lloyd. He wore no spectacles, never mentioned Hollywood, and never talked about himself, In short, he was perfectly charming, and modesty itself. If Hollywood is composed entirely of people like Harold Lloyd, it must be the most delightful city on earth. But it isn't, so we can let that pass.

A COSMOPOLITAN crowd of theatrical folk—Cicely Courtneidge, Lea Seidl, Elsa Macfarlane, Leslie Henson—came up to pass the time of day, as it were. But Harold Lloyd refrained from putting up any sort of performance. Not only that: here was an American on his first visit to London, having, in fact, crossed

Left: Miss Nan Baird, Lady Studd, and Miss Marjorie White

Left: Miss Pauline Doran, the Girl Champion of 1932

Personalities Pictured at the Golf Dinner given by the Forum Club in connection with "The Bystander" Autumn Foursomes

L. to R.: Miss Diana Esmond, talking to Mrs. Claude Wilson. Centre: Miss Beryl Brown

Above: Miss E. E. Helme, the Foursomes organiser - in - chief, and Miss Molly Gourlay

Left: Miss Joyce Wethered, with Lady Denman, President of the Ladies' Golf Union, on the right

Photographs by L.N.A.

The Cups of Victory

If Gossip We Must . . .

(Continued from page 123)

the Atlantic for the first time, who conversed for a long time without mentioning London policemen, the beauty (or the reverse) of English women, a desire to see Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon, Bonnie Scotland, or the Tower of London, and who did not say that anything he had come across was "just too cute for words." Mrs. Lloyd, a pretty blonde, was equally attractive, and I have a soft spot in my heart for Mr. Ready, who is Mr. Lloyd's manager, friend, adviser, constant companion, and Sancho Panza generally. Mr. Ready goes with him everywhere. How pleasant always to have the Ready at hand!

We hear much of the improvements in our telephone service. But I still see no reason to doubt the widespread conviction that we are worse served by the telephone than any other country in Europe, with the exception of Greece. I will grant the telephone officials, etc., one virtue—their unfailing courtesy and good humour. The American telephone people are damnably rude; but they are damnably efficient. That is, I think, the better way. Gilbert's King Gama, in *Princess Ida*, was annoyed at the politeness of everybody, even the Italian organ-grinders; he was exasperated when

"Grinning herds
Of hurdy-gurds
Retire apologising."

That is precisely the attitude of the 'phone folk towards people who complain. They "retire apologising."

I live, unfortunately, in a house before which, in the pavement, is a hole existing mysteriously for the purpose of telephone repairs.

At least once a week a cheery band of workmen remove the lid of this hole and camp round it for forty-eight hours or so. This effectively bars the front door and puts every telephone in the house out of use. It also causes the 'phone bell to tinkle faintly about every hour through the night. This does not mean a call, but it does mean that I cannot ring anyone, that no one can ring me, and that I can get no proper sleep. The latest explanation given, with courtly old-world grace, by both the campers and higher authorities, was that "there has been a lot of rain lately." Strange that in 1932 telephones cannot be made waterproof.

The good manners of the G.P.O. where telephones are concerned are only equalled by their bad manners when one wishes to buy a postage stamp.

But this charm does not alter the fact that in such circumstances (which, in my case, seem to be permanent) the G.P.O. are breaking their contract. I keep my side of it by paying them their dues, and, incidentally, lending them a sum of money free of interest; if I do not, they cut me off. But they do not keep their side of the bargain, since they do not give me the facilities paid for.

I imagine any suggestion that some money should be refunded as a compensation for my losing time, sleep, patience would be met with the politest of refusals.

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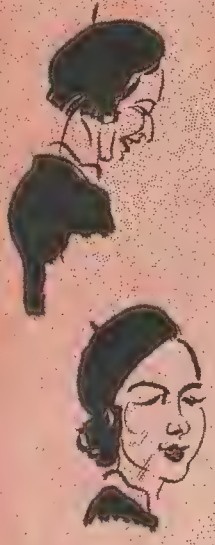
The stiff and laboured swings of the veterans were no match for the free and joyous hitting of the younger school

Our Autumn Foursomes

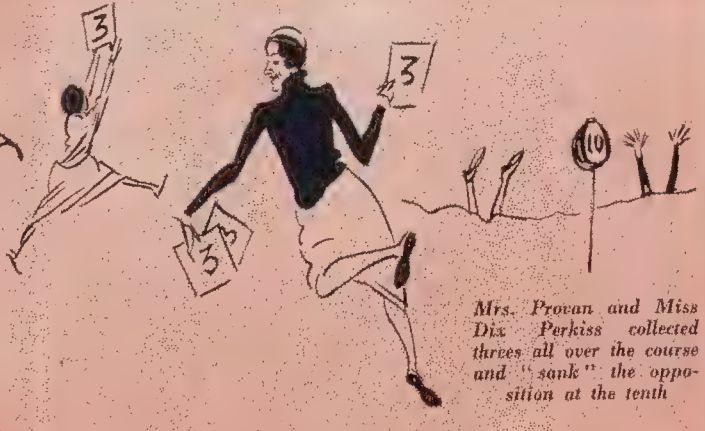
H. H. Harris Reaps a Ribald Harvest at Ranelagh

Left: Miss Diana Esmond and her sister, Lula, below, evidently do not possess the same taste in jumpers



The Babes of the Foursomes: Mlle. de Gunzbourg and Miss Grace Amory

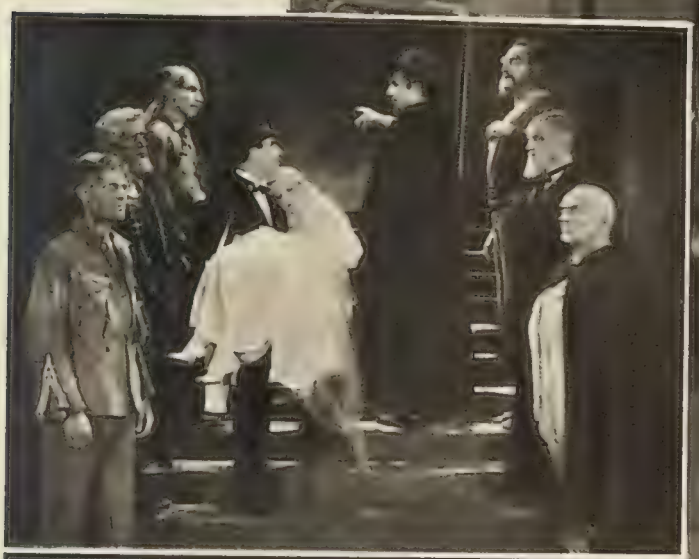
Mrs. C. A. Johnstone is ambidextrous and holed all over the green, left and right; but against Miss Wethered and her partner she missed a nine-inch putt for the match



Mrs. Provan and Miss Dix Perkiss collected threes all over the course and "sank" the opposition at the tenth

Right: Bela Lugosi as "Murder" Legendre, the leader of the "Zombies" in Haiti, dead bodies dug from their graves and restored to a sinister form of life by native sorcery. "Murder" is the arch-villain of "White Zombie," the new super-thriller, at the Dominion

Below: "Murder" directing Beaumont (Robert Frazer), the lesser villain, to take the drugged and abducted bride (Madge Bellamy) to his necromancer's den. The six gentlemen on the stairs are part of "Murder's" grim Zombie bodyguard



Necromancy! Hypnotism!! Drugs!!! Death!!!!

But True Love Triumphs in "White Zombie"

Left: Madge Bellamy, as Madeleine, drugged and hypnotised, and imprisoned in the necromancer's mountain castle. She is rescued by her husband (John Harron), after the arch-villain, the lesser villain, and all the Zombies have fallen over a cliff

Miss Diana Plumpton (Frinton) and Miss P. Cotgrave (East Devon), who were sensationally beaten by the winners, Mrs. V. G. Davies (Mid-Surrey) and Miss Lake (Worthing). The former pair were heavily handicapped. Too heavily for victory

On the way to the eighth tee: Mrs. Woodhouse (Tandridge) and Miss F. W. Eagle (Mid-Surrey), most faithful of partners, and Mrs. T. G. Evers (Frilford Heath), and Lady Carr (Berkshire). The former won by 2 and 1

Miss Norah Young and Miss Isabel Young, sisters from Co. Down, who were beaten in the 5th round by Mrs. Dicker (Great Yarmouth) and Miss K. Timberg (Calcot)

Our Famous Foursomes

Players Pictured at Ranelagh

The Closing Stages of a Four-Day Drama: Good Golf, Great Fun, and Glorious Weather

A pair of "babies": M Miss A. de Gunzbour and seventeen respectively for their countries in the n will then secure a win

Miss Joan Neilson (Formby) and Miss Jessie Firth (Formby), who were beaten in the semi-final round by the ultimate winners, Mrs. V. G. Davies (Mid-Surrey) and Miss M. Lake (Worthing), by 3 and 2

Mme. H. Monier (Chantilly) and Miss M. Raworth (St. George's Hill) walking to the first tee. They were beaten by Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp (Cavendish) and Miss P. M. Evershed (Burton), by 3 and 2

Above, left: A view from the old cedar tree at Ranelagh, showing Miss A. de Gunzbourg (St. Cloud) putting on the tenth green. The weather throughout the meeting was perfect and the course was in the finest condition

s Grace Amory (U.S.A.) and (St. Cloud), aged eighteen They should both be playing future and, in all probability, n a big international match

Which Club for that Lie?

Above: Miss Joyce Wethered (Worplesdon), whom it was a pleasure to see once more appearing, though unsuccessfully, in competitive golf

Left: An incident in the play at Ranelagh: A ball played by Miss J. M. Hughes (Walton Heath) has lodged itself in the top of a tall cedar tree. Some form of aerial niblick seems indicated

Lenare

MRS. A. C. CRITCHLEY AND PETER BRIAN

A new portrait of the wife of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., the President of the Greyhound Racing Association. General and Mrs. Critchley were married in 1927, and Peter Brian, who is their only son, was born this year. Their home is at Midway House, Wimbledon

"Speed, and the World Speeds With You ——

—— Crawl, and You Crawl Alone!"

Sketch Book and Studio

Society in Two Mirrors

Elwin Neame

Mrs.
Peter Horlick

Conrad and the camera both have the same idea about Mrs. Peter Horlick: that she is an extremely attractive-looking person; and this is no news for Mayfair. Her husband is Sir Ernest Horlick's only son; they were married last year. Miss Averil Nicholl, her younger sister, who is very like her, has just got engaged

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

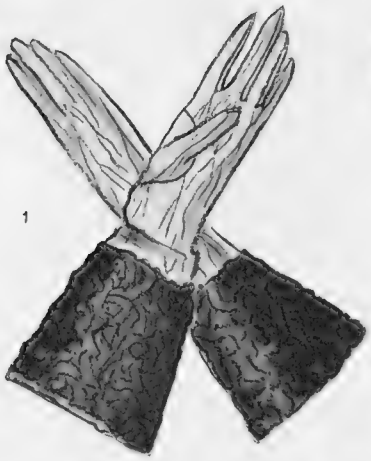
A CHARMING evening ensemble is carried out in one of the new dull-surfaced crêpes. The dress is all white and has a long, moderately full skirt carefully fitted over the hips. One rever trims a favoured side of both the back and front of the bodice, and the tiny blue coat has white sleeves. From Corot

A Modern Rest Gown in the Mediæval Manner; and a New Use for Fine Feathers

Yevonde

TWO of the newest and most popular velvets of the season are utilised for the gowns shown on this page. A dull velvet with what I can only describe as a suède finish, so matt is its texture, makes the lovely rest gown from Augustabernard. This is carried out in a deep soft blue and has sleeves of geranium red, which add to this startling contrast yet another surprise—that of an upstanding ruff which outlines the armhole and is reminiscent of nothing so much as the padded shoulder of a mediæval page's costume, though what the sartorial term for such trappings is, I am ignorant. The evening gown is of dark brown velvet, so thin that it would go through the smallest of rings, and with a rippled surface giving a moiré effect. The suppleness and the interesting surface of this fabric allow it to drape most becomingly, and to dispense with all trimming other than epaulettes of coq's feather. Both these gowns come from Marshall and Snelgrove

Gloves— long and short



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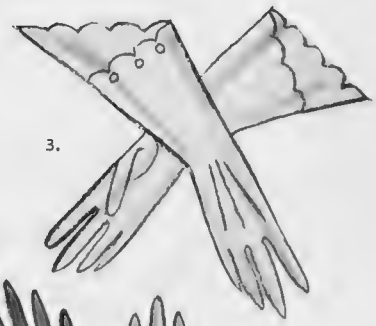

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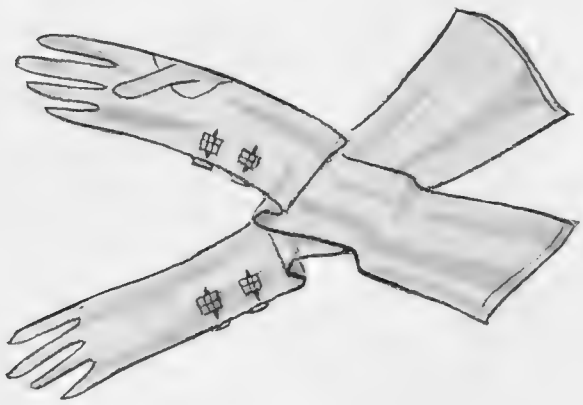

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1. GLOVES made of white crinkled crêpe have cuffs of black Persian lamb and are worn with a black suit and a white toque edged with lamb. They come from Russell and Allen

2. DARK brown velours is the unexpected material of which these smart gloves are made. The palm and the front of the fingers are of matching kid. Price 14/9. Harvey Nichols

5. KNITTED gloves are very smart this year and this pair, designed by Matita, are of white wool with gauntlet cuffs made of loops of wool in alternate rows of black and white

3. A VERY pretty glove, also from Harvey Nicho's, is of fine kid and can be obtained in pastel shades, such as pale pink, ice green or turquoise blue. Price 13/9

6. A NOVEL pair of gloves are hand-knitted in an openwork design and have large gauntlets of knitted lace stitch. This Dorville model can be obtained in several colours

4. VELVET evening gloves are almost universally worn this year and can be obtained from Harvey Nichols in black, red, blue and green. The long ones, 25/9 a pair, the short ones 19/6

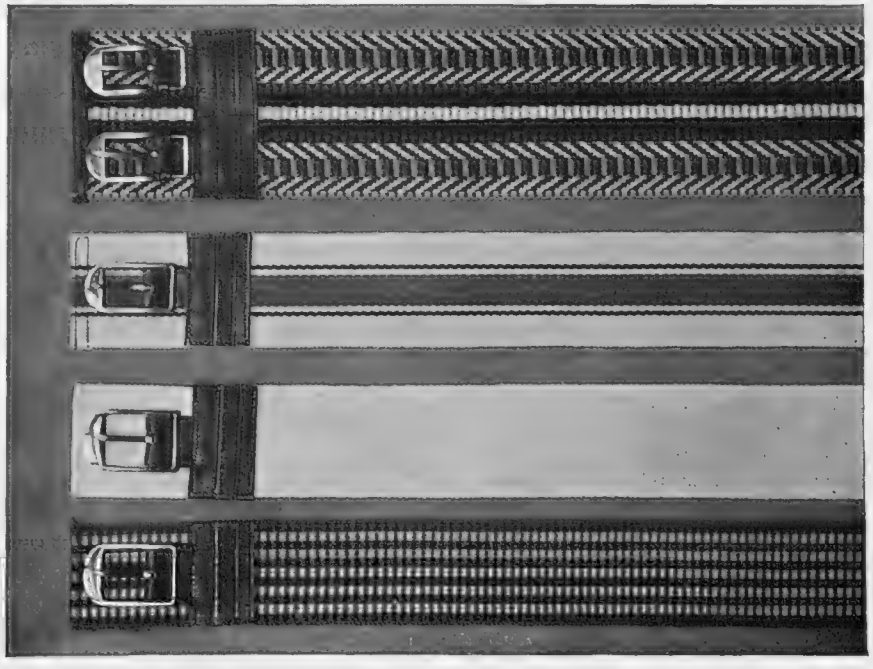
7. WHITE satin makes these long gloves, which were designed by Russell and Allen to accompany a bride's gown. They are fastened on one side with diamanté buttons

Dorothy Wilding

A Crease in the Crown can eliminate many Wrinkles from the Forehead

THE smart sports hat shown in the photograph above is one of a new collection which Scotts of Bond Street are now showing. It is of mushroom-coloured felt, with a band of navy blue ribbon around it, and has a deep indentation running from the back to the front of the crown. It costs 35/- and can be copied in a number of colours. The fitted dressing case included in the picture has smart chromium and tortoiseshell fittings and is extremely inexpensive. It costs 17 gns. and comes from Harvey Nichols. Smaller cases in various colours may be had for proportionately smaller sums

OSTLER belts are an attractive novelty being shown by Marshall and Snelgrove. They are made of webbing and can be obtained in a variety of gay colour combinations and different widths. The wide one shown at the top of the photograph is hand woven and is in green, red yellow, white and black; it costs 11/9. The narrower ones cost 4/6. The plain white one has a metal buckle attached by a royal blue leather band; the bottom one is checked in red, white and blue



Hay Wrightson

Lady Burghley who, before her marriage, was Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is the daughter of the seventh Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry and a sister of the Earl of Dalkeith, M.P. She married Lord Burghley, elder son and heir of the Marquess of Exeter, in 1929, and they have a daughter, who was christened Davina Mary Cecil. She was born last year

Above: Lord Burghley in action "over the sticks." He is a champion hurdler, and in addition to captaining the British Olympic team this year, represented Great Britain in the 110 and 440 metres hurdles. M.P. for the Peterborough Division of Northampton, he has lately turned his attention to politics. That he has also turned his attention to golf will be noted below in the photograph in which he was taken with Lady Burghley on the famous links at North Berwick

Athletics and Politics

Lord and Lady Burghley, Two Popular Personalities

Connery Chappell *discusses* The Passing Picture Show

Left: Harold Lloyd getting all mixed up with some livestock, one of the innumerable entanglements with which he reduces his audience to tears (of laughter) in "Movie Crazy," at the Carlton

How to be Happy though a Millionaire

George Arliss demonstrates how this can be done, and is helped on his way by Mary Astor, in "A Successful Calamity," one of his best films, which has now settled in at the Regal

CONSIDER film comedy, a chastening exercise, but at times a necessary one. The professors might inform us, after hasty glances at the text-books, that the ordeal can be sub-divided into the following categories: film comedy proper, imitation film comedy, imitation imitation film comedy, and transplanted stage comedy.

Examples of the first class, which are invariably distinguished failures, are *The Italian Straw Hat*, and, in an entirely different street, *Wolf's Clothing*. Clair, after making the former, found himself out of a job for a year. So does Filmdom acknowledge its masters.

Imitation film comedy, which is a dangerous class to the students, who frequently confuse it with the real thing, is usually successful. Its makers become geniuses in the popular Press. Some of the more recent Laurel and Hardy pictures are classic examples.

The third class, imitation imitation film comedy, is by far the largest and most successful. Nearly all the established comedy geniuses belong to it. Gold rushes as from a burst water-pipe in its trail. Lastly, and this category is mainly English, is the transplanted stage comedy, a mongrel film form which consists of turning an Aldwych farce into a film by re-shooting the dialogue. This formula is invariably successful.

We hard-boiled sneerers need only debate the first two forms, the comedy proper and its imitation. Only a pinhead would call *Thark* good cinema, just as only a highbrow would deny that it is entertaining.

FILMIC comedy, probably the most difficult of all screen mediums, has seldom been achieved on the screen. Its disciples have almost invariably approached it from the wrong angle. Obsessed by the representational, movie comedy has almost invariably been re-hashed from pantomime or stage. Even the Russians, with all their higher mathematics, have missed the boat. *Bed and Sofa* struck me as one of the most un-filmic comedies ever made.

Clair, primarily, has come nearer the true formula than any of his rivals. He started, presumably, with the theory that filmic comedy depended for its humour on its pattern. He discarded the quip and sally of the music-hall for the prance of designed movement. Immediately he succeeded.

In *The Late Matthew Pascal*, one of the greatest pictures ever made, the actors were made to caper through their gestures to a preconceived rhythm. The effect was film comedy. No other medium could have imitated it. The pattern paid no acknowledgements to any rival art form. Strong-hearted exhibitors, on seeing the film, were stricken down with housemaid's knee.

The formula has been used in a modified degree in recent French comedies, where the play of pattern has been used as a humour-satisfying thing in itself. *Le Million* was film comedy; its story was merely a scaffolding to hold the pattern together; its acting a counterpoint in the general movement; even its music held a definite balance in the sound-plan. The complete film had movie-poise.

I was reminded of this when a friend pointed out to me recently that the Marx Brothers, whose name the outsiders mention only with bated breath, were not filmic. Groucho, I was told, belonged to the vaudeville world. He had nothing to offer the screen.

On analysis, this statement is clearly false. The Marx Brothers actually do achieve an accidental screen form. Their several capers are sufficiently contrasted to form a definite pattern. Compared with Clair and the comedy-masters it may be clumsy, but it is discernible.

Ernst Lubitsch, the best comedy-director in captivity in Hollywood, could improve them filmically. Lubitsch may be out of fashion with the art merchants; I am assured, indeed, that he is definitely kept out of the best montage conversations. All the same, despite his tendency to think that literary humour has only to be transposed automatically to become filmic humour, he has that certain something the others haven't got, namely, a sense of filmic pattern.

AND so to *Movie Crazy*, which is in the big money, imitation-imitation class. It is as artfully synthetic as all Lloyd's work. The worshippers will be on parade at the Carlton for many moons.

On the subject of this filmic comedy business, the student might do worse than see George Arliss in *A Successful Calamity*, at the Regal. George, who can pull a muscle with the best of them, and crack a quick line with smooth efficiency, is quite in a class by himself.

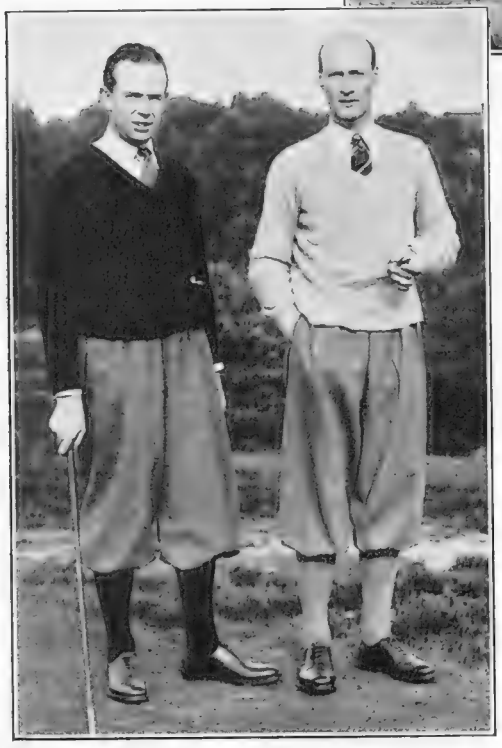
London Amateur Foursomes at Camberley Heath

Left to right: C. K. Cotton, the Secretary of Stoke Poges, and Alan Cave (Stoke Poges) going to the 15th green. They were beaten in the semi-final by Addington after a close match

Col. G. D. Hannay and E. Noel Layton (Berkshire) having a friendly discussion between their rounds. They created a surprise by beating Chislehurst, represented by the Hartley Brothers, but were themselves beaten by Woking in the semi-final at the 19th

Right: W. C. Carr and R. B. Costain (Walton Heath), beaten in the third round by Royal Mid-Surrey in a match which went on and on till the 21st hole

Above: Dr. D. I. O'Keefe (Wanstead) and C. R. A. Acheson Gray (Foxgrove) watching their partners drive from the second tee in brilliant sunshine. Foxgrove won by 1 hole



C. Shankland and H. H. Hodges (St. George's Hill) beaten in the third round by C. K. Cotton and Alan Cave (Stoke Poges) by 3 and 1

Left: Eric Martin Smith and R. H. Oppenheimer (Temple) going to the 16th green. Their hopes were blighted in the first round when beaten by St. George's Hill by 1 hole

Photographs by Bertram Eary

F.G.L. Fairlie on Golf

Salute to a Grand Golfer

I SUPPOSE that every golfer, at some time or other during his life, is visited by the same dream, be it a visitor by day, in an arm-chair by the fire, or a visitor by night, the direct result of a superlative dinner. By night or by day, every golfer must at least once go round his home course in imagination and about fifteen under an average of fours. It is a pleasant, gentle dream . . . and I have known myself, when under the spell, deliberately miss an eighteen-inch putt on the last green because I was frankly ashamed and abashed at the overwhelming thought of breaking sixty.

It comes to only too few of us actually to carry out on the links—even only once—this glorious madness, this making of fiction into actual fact. Of course, we have our loopy days, when all of us must feel that there is something strangely beautiful about our golf, when nothing will go wrong and my lady Luck is showering her favours on our undeserving heads. I can remember just such a day, once, several years ago, at Moor Park, and it is in the very fact that I shall never forget that round that lies the charm of golf. On the scale of our skill depends this dream shattering of records—it may be our own only, or the sixty-six with which Bobby Jones crashed existing standards at Sunningdale—but the man who describes himself as a good eighteen probably goes round in fours, and the scratch man has the greatest difficulty in keeping out of the fifties. And the joy of the whole thing is that it is all so perfectly possible—one *might* hit every shot perfectly—*every* single long putt *might* fall in—every rub of the green *could* conceivably be favourable. If you take the eclectic score of every round which you have played on your home course, just such a record results.

THERE is a golfer, however, who has in the last few months actually achieved the making of this so delightful fiction into fact. I should feel very strange if I were he—I should be constantly feeling for my halo or wondering when the itch behind the shoulder-blades was coming to denote the advent of my wings. And all this, I feel, would tend to make me take a larger size in hats. But this golfer is still wearing his old head-gear, and is still just the same person that I have known for many years now on and off the links. And yet there seems no reason why he should not go on breaking all the records at least once in every day—for two rounds are more than usually tiring to this golfer, because of little luck in the matter of physical health. I can only hope—and feel—that these recent brilliant scores may, perhaps, tend to prove a return to complete physical fitness.

Very recently at Addington the club held a medal competition. It was won by the Hon. W. G. Brownlow with a score of sixty-nine, which made a new record for the course. Brownlow was out in thirty-three and home in fours, but he had no less than four fives in the round: might one suggest in all humility that the remaining holes must have been of the dream variety? More recently, Brownlow—aided and abetted in this instance by that great fighter, Eustace Storey — when representing Addington in the London Foursomes at Camberley Heath, won the event for his club. His story is that all he had to do was to keep the ball down the centre of the course for his own, Storey's brilliance then to shine.

It is not necessary, I feel sure, to remind those who may be reading me of Brownlow's performance in the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1926. Brownlow started that championship with only a local reputation, but he finished it with his name on every golfer's lips, although he did not win. That was because he took the eventual winner—that charming American, Jesse Sweetzer—far beyond the regulation eighteen holes in the semi-final; after having been in a well-nigh hopeless position only three holes from home. Brownlow was chosen for the Walker Cup match which followed that championship so closely, and he played, although he asked to be released. Already he was feeling far from well, and the championship had taken a great deal out of him. He was forced to play, however: but he lost his matches, although he played well enough to justify those who had faith in him.

Brownlow since then has played little competitive golf. But he has been doing all sorts of things elsewhere—just the sort of things that we can only dream about. He played his first round on the Shirley Park golf course in a score equal to the amateur record, which is 71. Recently, playing at Swinley Forest, he went round in 65, which beats by one stroke another amazing score which he accomplished in May of this year. At Broadstone he went out in fours to come home in 31, making a total of 67, which is better than either the amateur or professional record of the green. I think I am right in saying that he holds the records of Frilford Heath (71) and Brighton and Hove (67). He had a real dream-round, playing for the first time over the second course at Fulwell, for he went out in 30 (six threes and three fours) to complete the course in 66. This course is admittedly not long, but all the same—six threes in nine holes!

But it was left for a visit to the Sporting Club de Vichy for a real round of the type which I have described in the first few paragraphs of this article. The course is about five thousand yards in length, and up to Brownlow's visit the record was 61, which he himself set up two years ago. Before that, 64 had been the finest amateur effort ever accomplished. Brownlow broke sixty. He went round in 59!

I make no apology whatsoever for writing this article. A man who can do all this, deserves a page all to himself. And besides—think of it! We may leave our arm-chairs some day and go out upon the links and . . . dash it, I 'm off again!

T. A. Bourn (Sunningdale) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (The Naze) walking with their opponents, Mrs. R. L. Kennedy and Major R. L. Kennedy (Liphook), who beat them by 2 and 1 in the first round

Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon

E. F. Storey and the Hon. W. G. Brownlow (Addington), winners of the London Amateur Golf Foursomes played at Camberley Heath. They overwhelmed Woking in the final

"The Bystander's" Book-Shelf

High Politics and Satire: By "Junius"

You couldn't imagine a happier or a more original combination than *Public Faces* (Constable; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Harold Nicolson—a thrilling and intricate story of high politics, set in an atmosphere of subtly-diverting satire.

Mr. Nicolson looks seven years ahead, to 1939, when the "liberal and high-minded Ministry" of Mr. Spencer Furnivall has ousted the Churchill-Mosley Government on a "charge of adventurism." Scarcely is it safely seated in office, with Mr. Walter Bullinger (afterwards Lord Cheltenham) as Foreign Secretary, than a small cloud arises which, in four days, assumes such terrifying proportions that there seems a likelihood of our being swept out of existence by the United States, France, Germany, and Russia combined against us.

And the cause of the trouble is the small island of Abu Saad, in the Persian Gulf. An "irrepressible" English geologist had discovered "deposits" on the island essential for the making of the "atomic" bomb, and the Air Minister in the Churchill Government had bought a concession. News of this treasure and its potentialities leak out, and the Powers likewise wish to have a nibble. This they attempt, in the approved diplomatic fashion, by "getting at" the Shah of Persia, who claims Abu Saad, and, at the same time, by a masterstroke, turns the tables on all the other Powers.

From Mr. Bullinger's point of view, all could be easily settled. But his most correct and impeccable private secretary, Mr. Peabody, waxes indiscreet at luncheon at the St. James's Club to an attaché of the German Embassy; France has a sudden political crisis; Germany draws wholly wrong conclusions as to the reasons for Mr. Bullinger's secret Sabbath aeroplane flight. To crown all, Sir Charles Pantry, the Air Minister, orders experiments with the atomic bomb in American waters, with disastrous results. And the Cabinet is faced with a situation worse than that of August 1914. But the next morning, the Powers are literally on their knees!

I am not going to spoil Mr. Nicolson's effect by telling you how it is done. There are delightful thumb-nail sketches on nearly every page. This, for instance, of Mr. Bullinger: "How like a bishop he is! That pink, that bouncing look. I suppose that very religious people when overworked always get to look a little like bishops."

Allowances for the rose-coloured curtains of memory, and for a strong personal loyalty to the Habsburg family, must be made when reading *The Glory of the Habsburgs* (Harrap; 18*s.*), by Princess Fugger. Even before the war there were signs of unrest amongst the younger generation of the Austrian nobility against the old laws of Spanish etiquette so rigidly enforced at the Hofburg. But the iron will of the Emperor Francis Joseph prevailed, and they continued until his death.

Princess Fugger's reminiscences cover the most brilliant social periods of the Emperor's reign. Possessing the necessary sixteen quarterings on both parents' sides, Court society was her birthright, and although she is inclined to write more of outward glitter and show, the Princess gives some interesting glimpses of the Emperor, of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his brother, the Archduke Otto, who, at one time, was treated as the Emperor's heir.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Fairlie and "Glen"

A picture of our Golf correspondent with his wife and dog. Mr. Fairlie, who was formerly in the Scots Guards, has written eleven novels, and the round dozen is made up to-morrow by the publication of "Mr. Malcolm Presents." One of his hobbies is breeding canaries and budgerigars

There is a great deal of information about Frau von Kiss-Shratt, the Emperor's devoted friend for so many years, which is entirely new so far as the English public is concerned. A whole chapter is devoted to the Mayerling tragedy, but nobody has told us before what a figure-of-fun the ex-Kaiser made of himself at private shooting parties. On one occasion he wore "the green hunting dress-coat of the Fürstenbergs, black knee-breeches, long stockings, and low-cut shoes; below the knee the English Order of the Garter; across his chest the ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle; round his neck the Spanish Golden Fleece. In his shirt there were sparkling studs, richly set with diamonds, and similar cuff-links. On his fingers he wore a great number of beautiful rings." Also, he never left off talking, giving "a spontaneous lecture on every subject that came up."

Here is a remarkable book, *I Have Been Young* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Elizabeth Lomond. Quite brutal in its frankness—a frankness that at times is rather masculine than feminine—it is permeated with that indescribable spirit which leads a woman to sacrifice her whole life for a drunken ne'er-do-well husband. From the outset, Fate was unkind to the heroine. She had an unhappy home, and, after her father's death, went as an emigrant to Australia. On the voyage she meets the good-looking ne'er-do-well, and from the moment they land until, years afterwards, he asks her to divorce him because he has fallen in love with another woman, knows practically little happiness.

No calculated villainy could be more complete than that of this ne'er-do-well, although his comes entirely from selfishness and a love of drink. He steals his wife's hard-earned money—even the few pounds she had saved for the birth-expenses of one of the children—and leaves her to have her first baby alone in the Australian bush. A somewhat gloomy book, perhaps, but most compelling, and, in its ending, cruelly tragic.

Now that there is such a widespread interest in Spiritualism, I should think that *A Man Named Luke* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by March Cost, will find many readers. If it answers no question, it certainly propounds one: "Have we lived before?" Phœbe-Ann, the daughter of an American millionaire, would seem to answer that by her strange and suddenly recurring memories of other centuries; and Vincent, the great surgeon in Cavendish Square, who loves her, answers it too. There are beauty and romance in this book, and infinite pathos, too.

Of a totally different world is *The Laughing Pioneer* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Paul Green. Three years ago, Mr. Green made an outstanding success with a book of short stories, *Wide Fields*. This is his first novel. I find it strong, tender, and haunting.

The Laughing Pioneer is a boy, one Danny Lawton, who tramps the country with a guitar slung across his back. A handsome, vital boy, bursting into the decayed glories of the old American homestead and bringing life and interest to its equally decayed owner's only daughter, Miss Alice Long. Judge Long dies, and Danny remains on, clearing up the years' neglect around the house itself and in the fields.

There is nothing wrong, but a society whose aims are to keep the neighbourhood pure, think otherwise. Disguised in white cloaks, they attack the Long house and are put to flight by Miss Alice Long armed with a sword. But the outcome is her death. And Danny, his guitar once more slung across his back, goes out into the world again. I hope this is only the opening of Danny's history.

Miss Rachel Ferguson is one of our wittiest writers. In *Nymphs and Satires* (Benn; 7*s.* 6*d.*) she is at her happiest.

Guinness's Hood for You

With Apologies to Thomas Hood

Tim Tonks was such a puny lad,
It really was a shame;
Though day by day his sighs increased
His size remained the same.

Tim fell in love with Betsy Brown,
A buxom lass, and tall;
But though he thought her simply great,
She made him feel quite small.

Said she: "Although you long to wed
You are too short to woo;
Till you are taller by a head
I shall look down on you."

He left depressed, because she said
"No, thank you" to his pleas;
When something his attention caught
That put him quite at ease.

"Guinness for Strength" the poster urged;
"If this will strength impart"
He thought "with muscles made of steel
I'll steal my maiden's heart!"

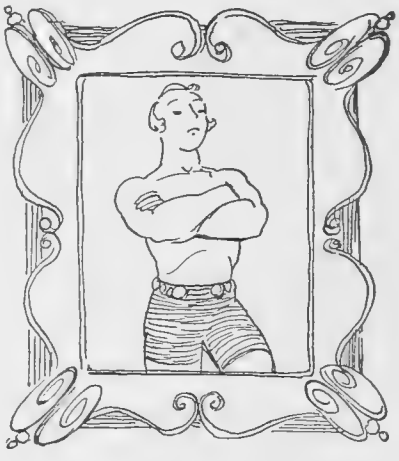
A daily Guinness swelled his chest,
A tall-boy he became,
A picture of athletic health
With quite a splendid frame.

At last when he was twice the man
That he had been before,
He washed his face and brushed his hat—
And pressed his suit once more.

"O Betsy Brown, O Betsy Brown!
Just see how I've grown stronger!
You once were rather short with me—
Pray don't be any longer!"

Then Betsy looked him up and down
As if to take his measure,
And said "You've grown in my esteem,
So I accept with pleasure!"

Thus happy Tim gained Betsy's hand
And two feet in addition;
By drinking Guinness he attained
The height of his ambition.



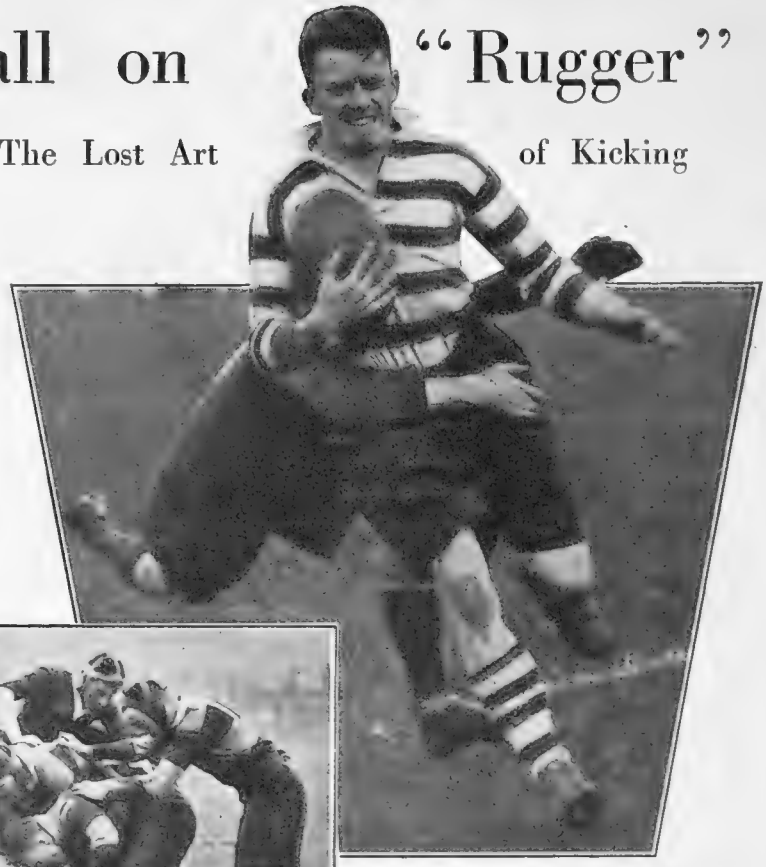
GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 258.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Lost Art of Kicking



A Rosslyn Park player well tackled by one of the London Scottish in the match between these two clubs held at Richmond, when the Park won by twelve points to nine

BY an odd miscalculation I arrived at the Rectory Field for the match between Blackheath and Newport some two hours before play was due to begin. Being by nature of a contemplative habit of mind, and having some excellent sandwiches with me, this did not disturb me unduly. I went and sat alone in the grand stand, and watched the rain driving across the deserted ground, and the wind making ripples in the surprisingly thick grass.

It was rather pleasant to catch the Rectory Field off duty, so to speak, and for some time I was able to smoke and ruminate in peace, remembering past games, and, in particular, one disastrous affair when, as an unworthy member of a London side, and recovering with difficulty from ptomaine poisoning, I went down in the general carnage against the 1925 All Blacks. How they trounced us that day, how they battered us forward and scattered us aft, and generally rubbed our faces in the unpleasantly plentiful mud!

IT was at this point in my reflections that the Rectory Field began to assert itself: the red and black flag fluttered to the mast-head; disconsolate little groups of men stretched rope round the entrances; other and equally disconsolate men, with neat brown satchels, prepared to sell tickets; a few spectators drifted to their seats; there were gatherings in front of the pavilion; the afternoon's business had begun.

As a matter of fact, it was just a shade too business-like for my liking, though I don't intend this in any way as a criticism of the Rectory Field. It is the same at every big club match—at Twickenham, Leicester, Bristol—wherever you go the turnstiles click, the programmes are black with advertisements, and the players trot out of the dressing-rooms more or less punctually. This is all very well: punctuality is admirable, and the mammon of unrighteousness, as represented by the turnstiles, has a definite place in Rugby football nowadays. But, somehow, I should welcome a little informality: it would, for instance, be particularly good to see the players come out before the game begins to punt the ball about and get the feel of the turf and practise the various arts of kicking. This used to be done; I even remember—may Commander Coopper spare my blushes!—wandering across the sacred Twickenham turf with a golf club, and playing mashie shots at the goal-posts. Perhaps that was carrying informality too far, but, quite seriously, I think that the casual punt-about before the match might well be revived. Players would warm up and loosen their muscles, and thus be less liable to strains, and, more important still, the standard of kicking might improve.

Blackheath were somewhat surprisingly beaten by Newport on the Rectory Field by thirteen points to six. The photograph shows something of a mix-up after a scrum

Already this year I have seen some deplorable kicking, and every season the same weakness is apparent. Simply through lack of practice, players can neither drop nor place kick, and even punting is miserably done. And here I wish some scientist would tell me whether the ball should be placed upright or sloped towards the goal when both distance and accuracy are sought. I know that the usual practice is to slope the ball, but B. H. Black generally places it vertically, and once against Newport he actually sloped it backwards. What is more, I remember reading a highly technical treatise on the subject which seemed to prove irrefutably, with diagrams, that the upright position is the best, however long the kick may be. Well, Black gives excellent testimony to the truth of this contention, but I have an idea that he must have exceptionally powerful thigh muscles, and that, by sloping the ball, he would gain considerably in length, though he might lose in accuracy. It is an interesting point; perhaps someone will settle it for me with mathematical finality.

ANOTHER little matter for argument is C. D. Aarvold's proper position in the three-quarter line, and now that he is playing again, after his struggles with the examiners, the point becomes topical. There are those who will spill blood in defence of their belief that he is a wing; there are others, myself among them, who regard him as a natural centre. He has played splendidly in both positions, but I shall never forget the way, as a centre, he made openings for R. W. Smeddle on the Cambridge wing.

The truth is that he has been so chopped and changed about that he has had no real chance to develop his full capabilities in one place or the other, and this is a fate which has overtaken other potentially great players.

WE are apt to be negative about centre-three-quarters; let them give their passes correctly and stop their opposite numbers with sufficient certainty and ferocity, and they will do. Actually, they must have further qualities in modern Rugby football; they must be able to break through the increasingly close orthodox defence if they or their wings are to score, and this they can only do nowadays by unusual speed off the mark. This is why young players like R. A. Gerrard and J. A. Baiss are promising: they have that penetrative power, and they may, with experience, learn how to make the best use of it.

Personally, though, I am still a little suspicious of the almost fanatical worship of speed which some people profess. I was talking recently to a man who has had a great deal to do with the game at Oxford, and we were lamenting the fact that first-class forwards appear to be scarce at the 'Varsity this term. "Well," he said, "they may be scarce, but give me eight really fast fellows—never mind how they scrummage as long as they get together a bit—just let them be really fast, and we 'll cut the Tabs to ribbons."

I doubt whether he was right. Give me eight really sound scrummagers, however slow they might be, for quick, clean heeling will pave the way to many tries.

OCTOBER, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

21st Trafalgar Day. Celebrations on H.M.S. Victory, Portsm'th.
Racing. Newbury.
Shows. National Dairy Show, Royal Agric. Hall. Jersey Cattle, Jersey. Imperial Fruit Show, Birmingham. Dairy and Foal Show, Kilmarnock.

22nd **Fishing.** Angling Festival, Brighton.
Racing. Newbury, Stockton, Towcester Steeplechases.
Exhibitions. Cycling, Camping and Hiking, Horticultural Hall.
Shows. Motor Show closes.
Rugby. Somerset v. Cornwall, Bath.
Football. Qualifying Competition, 2nd Round, F.A. Amateur Cup. Qualifying Competition, 4th Round, Scottish F.A. Cup. Qualifying Competition, 2nd Round, Welsh Senior Cup.

24th **Racing.** Nottingham Steeplechases.
Festivals. Music Festival, Blackpool.

25th **Racing.** Newmarket, Nottingham Steeplechases.
Festivals. Music Festival, Blackpool.

26th **Racing.** Newmarket, Curragh, Wetherby and Taunton Steeplechases.
Rugby. Sussex v. Surrey, Eastbourne. Kent v. Eastern Counties, Maidstone.

27th **Racing.** Newmarket, Wetherby and Taunton Steeplechases.
Shows. Exmoor Pony Show and Sale, Bampton.
Festivals. Old Custom: Oyster Feast, Colchester.

28th **Racing.** Newmarket, Manchester Steeplechases.

29th **Shows.** Brewers' Exhibition, Royal Agric. Hall.
Racing. Alexandra Park, Manchester Steeplechases.
Rugby. Durham v. Cumberland, Durham. Cheshire v. Northumberland, Birkenhead.
Football. Scotland v. Wales, Edinburgh. Qualifying Competition, 3rd Round, F.A. Cup.
Social. Royal and Ancient Golf Club Ball, St. Andrews.

31st **Racing.** Birmingham. Most Scotch rivers close for salmon fishing
Festivals. Old Custom: Hallowe'en; Scotland and Ireland.

Yo Yo contests throughout the month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

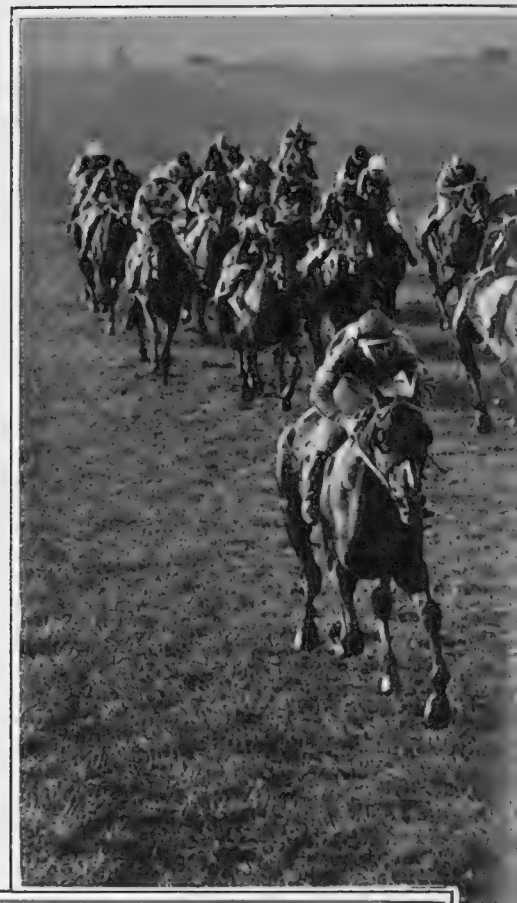
IT is good to know that Maurice Tate is going to Australia after all. The M.C.C. have treated him very fairly, and we may assume now that he is perfectly fit. He will need to be, for, as a stock bowler, he has a heavy burden to bear. I think myself that he may do unexpectedly well, for he is particularly anxious to vindicate the M.C.C.'s judgment in sending him, and, what is more, he is still a better bowler than most. He is just the kind of fellow Jardine needs, both on and off the field—a grand, great-hearted player, a cheerful companion, and a general tonic to the rest of the team. There will be no drooping spirits when Tate is about, though spirits are apt to droop in Australian conditions.

A. Merlin (France) shaking hands with G. K. Gandar Dower (Great Britain), who won by 6—2, 6—1 in the annual covered court match at Queen's between the International Clubs of Great Britain and France

TURNING for a moment to athletics, the committee of the A.A.A. are to be congratulated on approving the draft scheme for a representative International Board. The scheme, incidentally, is the outcome of Scotland's application for independent membership of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, which would naturally have meant a split between Scotland and the A.A.A. It was all a question of representation, and during the perfectly amicable discussions which ensued, the suggestion for an International Board controlling all athletics in Great Britain and Northern Ireland was mooted.

The Board should be extremely helpful, and its formation will clear up the dispute with the Irish Free State. Perhaps it is not curious that these Free State people should be troublesome, though it seems inevitable. Anyhow, they attempted to interfere in Northern Ireland athletics, and when the case was brought up at the Los Angeles Congress it was dropped, on the grounds that it involved political issues. Now it is settled, and the Free State are left to quarrel among themselves, for they are outside the International Board alliance.

A Naval College player tackled by two of the Richmond team in the match between Richmond and the Royal Naval College (Greenwich), won by the former by 28 points to 3 on the Richmond athletic ground



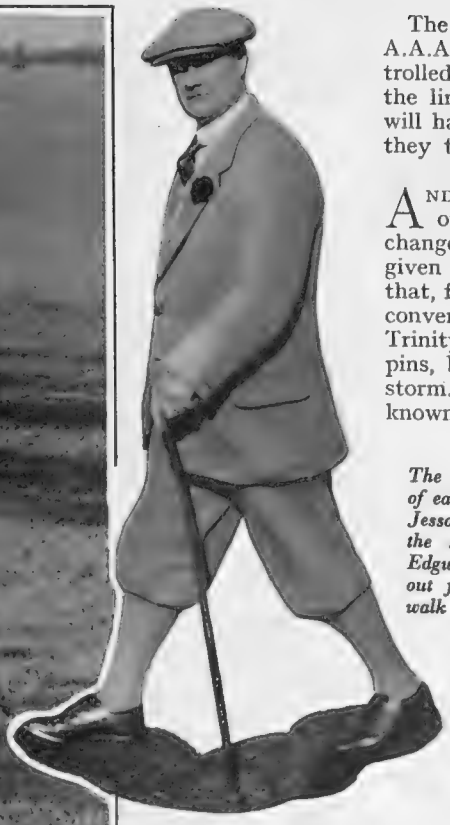
Polo on the Frontier

The "Apoplectics" polo team, winners of the annual Hot-Weather Tournament held in Fort Sandeman, the loneliest outpost of Baluchistan. The players are (l. to r.), Captain Stroud, the Scinde Horse; Mr. Turner, Zhob Militia; Mr. Walkey, R.E.; Mr. Laman, 5th-1st Punjab Regiment; and Major Harington, 8th Gurkha Rifles, who presented the prizes. The expressions on the faces of the winning team denote that they keep happy in the intervals between actively holding back the savage hordes

INCIDENTALLY, the rumours about dissatisfaction in the North of England have been greatly exaggerated. Certain Northern officials were supposed to have been discourteously treated at Los Angeles, but I think it is fair to say that it all boils down to personal vanities being ruffled. At any rate, I doubt whether we shall hear any more about it.

The Cesarewitch

Mr. A. E. Berry's Manbo (E. Quick up) leading the field at the mile post. The race was won by Mr. D. S. Kennedy's Nitsichin (Beary up) from Chelmarsh (W. Rickaby up); Sandwich (H. Wragg up) was third



"The Croucher"

The famous smiter of earlier days, G. L. Jessop, who is now the secretary of the Edgware Golf Club, out for his morning walk on the links

The Rugby authorities, by the way, might well consider this A.A.A. reorganisation, for it is high time Rugby football was controlled by a central and representative authority, very much on the lines of the Athletic International Board. Our Rugby rulers will have to pull themselves together one fine day, and the sooner they take stock of the position the better.

And now to another change in the old order, and a revolutionary one at that, for the Cambridge University Boat Club have changed over from fixed rowlocks to swivels, and in so doing have given their approval to the Fairbairn style of rowing. It is true that, for some time, the Cambridge colleges, one by one, have been converted, until now out of twenty college boat clubs, only Third Trinity and Lady Margaret have remained faithful to the fixed pins, but it is surprising to find the C.U.B.C. itself thus taken by storm. I was talking it over the other day with one of the best known of the younger rowing men, and his view was that the Fairbairn style would make a second-rate crew faster, but if ever that crew became first-rate, it would by then have gradually merged the Fairbairn methods into orthodox principles.

There is no doubt that some of the Metropolitan crews and many college crews at Oxford and Cambridge have improved greatly since they decided to make the change over on to Fairbairn lines—Oriel, for example, made huge strides this summer, but they will either, says my expert friend, reach a certain point and stick there, or they will revert to orthodoxy and continue their progress.

Hunting the Hare

Sir Reginald Blaker, Bt., M.P. (on the left) and Major G. Tidmarsh, who are the Joint-Masters of the Brighton Foot Beagles, leading the pack when they moved off from the meet held at Sayers Common

The Yorkshire Cricketers entertained recently by Mr. W. Jenkinson, at Ilkley: Mr. Gaunt (left), welcoming the players on behalf of his father-in-law, Mr. W. Jenkinson, with Wilfred Rhodes, Percy Holmes, and Mr. F. E. Greenwood, the Yorkshire ex-Captain

Well, I hope he is right. It would be horrible if Cambridge supremacy in the Boat Race became even more pronounced, though I fancy that, under Colonel Gibbon's guidance, Oxford will slowly but surely improve. Mind you, it will take time: I believe Colonel Gibbon estimates that in five years the Oxford revival may be in full swing. In the meanwhile, the severe academic standard at Oxford still sends most of the best rowing men to Cambridge, and we have to remember that there is much more material at Cambridge, where the number of undergraduates is considerably larger. Anyway, there is a fine optimistic spirit at Oxford now, and that is the great thing.

I wish there were as much optimism in the boxing world, where things just now seem to be rather flat, stale, and unprofitable. I was up at Manchester for the title fight

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 147)*

between Dick Corbett and Johnny King—a poor fight it was, too, despite certain enthusiastic accounts, and money appears to be very tight. They have a splendid hall at Belle Vue there, but even for the World's Championship bout on October 31, between Young Perez and Jackie Brown, a Manchester boy, the most they are charging for the best ring-side seats is a couple of pounds.

THE heavy-weight business is a flop in London at the moment, too, though after some of the recent fights between the big men this is hardly surprising. It 's a rum game, boxing, and, as I watched the Corbett-King affair, I realised more than ever how difficult it must be to referee honestly. There was Jimmy Wilde, forced to decide between two very level lads, one from London and the other from Manchester, surrounded by a yelling, hysterical, uncontrolled crowd of Mancunians. I don't for a moment suggest that Wilde was in any way influenced by the crowd, but it struck me that a visiting boxer would have to win by a very large margin to be given the verdict by the ordinary referee.

LAWN tennis is a misnomer when applied to the covered courts championships at Queen's Club, when the surface played on is wood. I really think it is about time that lawn tennis usurped the title of the older game and called itself simply "Tennis," but when such a suggestion has been made in times past it has been greeted with howls of indignation by the players of real tennis, who are by no means appeased when it is suggested to them that they should call their game Royal Tennis in order to differentiate the two. The older game was a royal one, so there would be historical accuracy in the title.

A Fine Catch

Four salmon, totalling 59 lb., grassed by Mr. A. G. Pawson, Governor of the Upper Nile, and Mrs. Pawson at Tyrcelyn, near Builth Wells, Breconshire

THE play at Queen's Club was heartening in that it brought two of our youngest girl players into the semi-final against stern opposition. Miss K. E. Stammers and Miss M. C. Scriven are two players—both left-handers—who evidently have a future before them, and should, if they go on improving, be certainties for the Wightman Cup next year.

Another pleasing feature of the championships was finding a Borotra still redivivus. After this year's Wimbledon, we gathered that the Basque was thinking seriously of retiring from competitive tennis. He himself said that he was getting too old for the game, and his is one which assuredly is a strain on stamina.

Then he was induced to play for France against America in the Davis Cup; won both his matches, and saved the Cup for France. And now, at Queen's Club, after winning both his matches in the International Club match between Great Britain and France, he shows unimpaired form in the covered court championships!

Pope & Bradley
OF OLD BOND ST LONDON, W. 1.

DORA THE STERILE

"NOT only is she bigoted and dull, but she is sour and mulish; she is deaf and blind to the actualities and the needs of life; her intolerance and unreason have passed into a proverb; her egotism is a bad joke, and hers is the cattishness and temperamentality of a disappointed spinster. There is but one thing to be thankful for—Dora is the only child Mrs. Grundy ever permitted herself."

THESE nasty, unkind words were spat by Mr. H. Dennis Bradley into a Pope & Bradley advertisement in October, 1918. Even that far-seeing thinker did not anticipate that she would still be casting her spell in this year of peace, 1932.

HOW can we, who live in the Land of Liberty, go wrong, while we have Dora to look after us? Ever considerate, she will not even let us buy a cold pie after eight o'clock—though we may match our digestion against a hot one at any hour of the night.

FOREIGNERS, on their first visit to England, are bewildered that they cannot obtain their morning apéritif. A glass of vermouth at eleven o'clock? Certainly not! Not until twelve. And a night-cap after ten-thirty? Preposterous! You can't do that sort of thing in England, Sir. Go and spend your holiday money in some other country.

PATIENT and uncomplaining, we dogged Englishmen have remained loyal and faithful and true to our old Dutch Dora for all these years.

HER supremacy has never really been questioned. Until now. Just lately a mayor of a seaside resort, Deal, has dared to flaunt the old lady.

THIS vigorous mayor is actually conducting an active campaign against her. Can you bear to see her go, after all these years? Come, now, where 's your loyalty? We don't want the country to develop into a sort of pleasure resort for foreigners. Let Americans go and spend their money drinking after hours in Paris. . . .

WHAT sort of man is this Mayor of Deal? Captain Percy Davis? Habitually he tosses us over the price of his suitings. And when he loses, he loses like a sportsman.

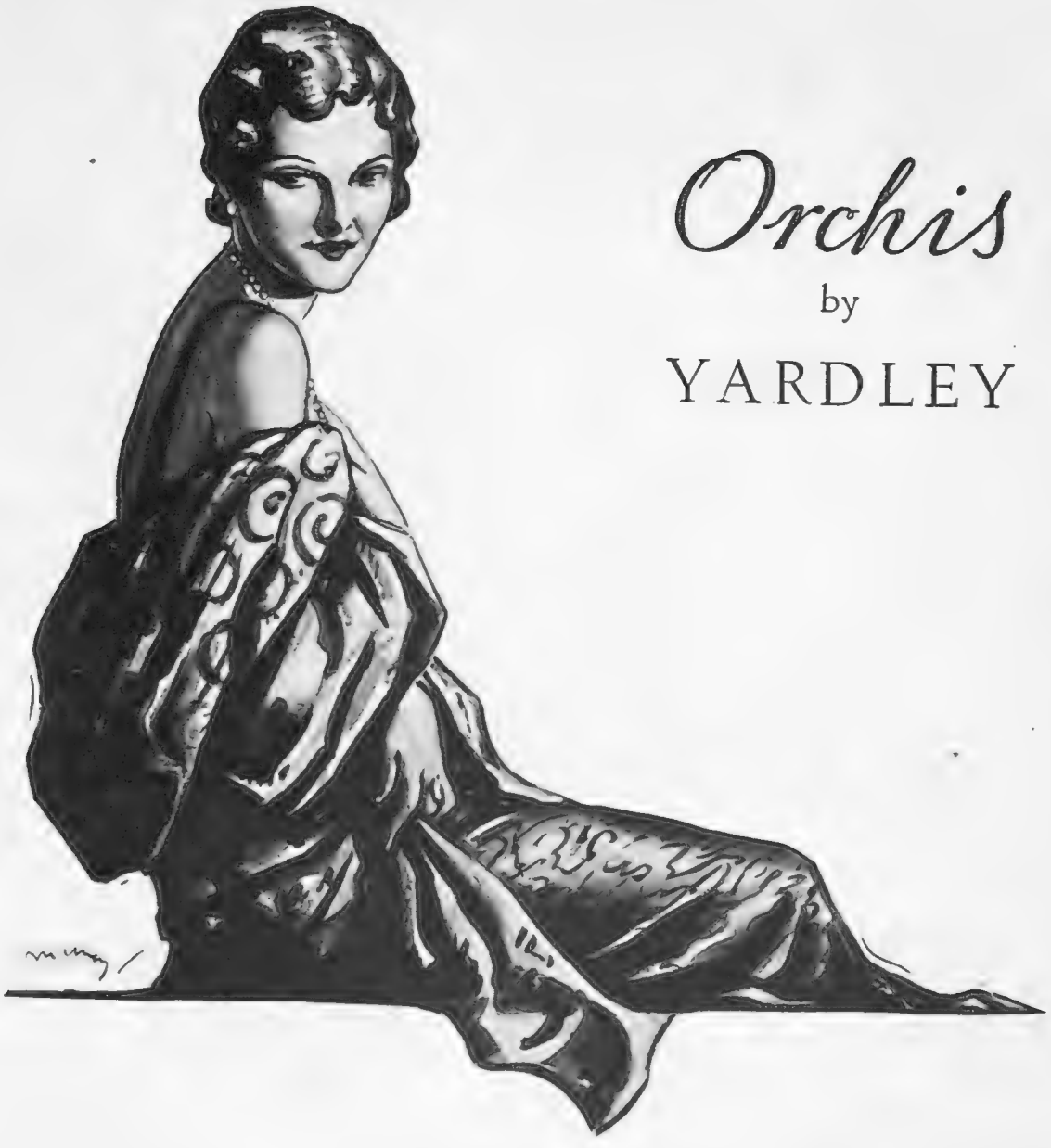
BUT we do not think he is going to lose in this game that he is now playing, bless him, against these iniquitous, weak-kneed, spirit-crushing, business-breaking, anti-sporting, teetotal-titivating measures of legislation.

LOUNGE Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

N.B.—The Mayor of Deal's Anti-Dora Meeting at the Albert Hall will take place on October 19.

THE MAYOR OF DEAL

14 Old Bond Street W.



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Ensures a complexion of smooth and flawless beauty.

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'What Every Woman Wants.'

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Letters of a Lady Golfer *(Continued from page 118)*

LOOKING back on it, it seems to me the deciding point was Miss Timberg's confident striking of the shots up to the hole, Mrs. Dicker's grand resolution in moments of emergency, and a self-laid stymie against the young pair on the 14th green which squared the match. After all, Mrs. Dicker's side ended with four 3's all in a row, which is a good enough reason for winning 2 and 1. People had been rude enough to say much the same about Miss Nielson as they had about Mrs. Dicker and Miss Timberg. They knew Miss Firth for an experienced golfer, but could Miss Nielson keep up her wonderful putting and the straightness of her excellent length much longer? The prophets were right, and that string of fours varied only by a couple of twos on the homeward journey against them was a wonderful performance by Mrs. Davies and Miss Lake.

These had to give three shots in the final, and they could not have done it if the opposition had not been unlucky with a lot of long putts which lipped the hole, but did not drop. If Mrs. Davies had not holed a very critical putt for the half at the 12th, nor Miss Lake played such a fine tee shot at the 16th, and so nearly holed her chip for a two at the 17th, the match might have turned the other way.

It only remained for Lady Carisbrooke to give away the prizes, and you know how charmingly and informally she does it.

AFTER that I hied me away to Roehampton, where Miss Mary South and Miss Joan Lashmore were on the point of receiving their prizes from Mrs. Charles Miller. Roehampton have given their branch of the Autumn Foursomes an atmosphere just as desirable as Ranelagh. There is no rivalry; each tournament is quite complete and quite delightful. You prefer Ranelagh or you prefer Roehampton just as you would choose China or Indian tea, and both are of the very choicest brand. People seem to play a little bit better each year at both places. I always think, don't you, that the keenness of the caddies is a wonderful index, and now the Roehampton ones take just as much pride in their ladies as the Ranelagh habitués: pride tempered with a very shrewd sizing-up. Said the caddie of a minute little lady to the caddie of an outsize pair: "Cooer, Bill, I 'd rather have a biff from yours than a tickle from mine." Some of the little ones though, could biff the ball, if not their caddies, extremely hard, and I never saw a stouter finish to a match than on the Thursday morning, when I dashed over from Ranelagh just in time to see Miss Haynes Hutchinson and Mrs. G. Wyatt coming to the 18th. They had been dormy three, but had lost the 16th, had lost the 17th, because Miss Boosey put her tee shot stone dead (that is the sort of thing an 18 handicap does do nowadays), and looked remarkably like losing the 18th, too, for Miss Haynes Hutchinson over-ran into the bunker. Out came Mrs. Wyatt, 24 handicap notwithstanding, to within two yards of the hole, and then, for once, Miss Haynes Hutchinson, her croquet stance and croquet skill notwithstanding, missed the putt and on they went to the 19th. Miss Boosey did not hit a very long drive, but Miss Dobson lashed the second home. But Mrs. Wyatt, off a longer drive, played a noble iron second on, and she it was who holed a highly missable putt for the four and the match, the opposition taking three putts. I have it on the best authority that Miss Joan Lashmore and Miss Mary South, who won, played really good golf, and as both are young, that is good hearing; that there were many brilliant moments from Mrs. Bushman and Miss Lampson, and that Miss Moss-Blundell and Miss Goodliff started well in the semi-final but could not keep it up, and that Mrs. Wyatt fought very bravely, though unavailingly, in the other semi-final.

ONE place where I would not for the world have missed being was at the Forum Club on Thursday night for the dinner in connection with THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes. It was a delightful idea of the Forum Club to give such a dinner, and they must most certainly feel rewarded if they could hear, as they most certainly saw, how much everybody enjoyed themselves. Lady Denman was in the Chair and in great form at the speaking business. Her L.G.U. handicap is 17, as a speaker she is without doubt on the plus mark, and there is not another who would dare take her on even under handicap conditions. She kept us all in fits of laughter at the droll stories which came out with an entirely serious face.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

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IT would be difficult to illustrate a more pleasing selection of Gifts for a man. Gold is always in the best taste, especially in these smart new patterns. The Gold Cigarette Case . . . No. 3446 has a Clip in place of elastic, £20.0.0 . . . No. 3447, a Gold Cover for 'tear-off' matches, £6.6.0. . . . No. 3448 Gold Covered Lighter of English Make, £2.15.0 . . . No. 3444 Gold Links, £2.0.0 pair. . . . No. 3445 Gold and Enamel Links, £3.0.0 pair (any School Colours and Arms at the same price). Please call or write for Catalogue.

NOW that the mere thought of sunburn and of shorts is positively antagonising, everyone's turning famished glances Jaegerwards and meditating on the inflammatory question of redecorating the human form on the most eligible lines. You'll get just a whisper of Jaeger's notions from their entirely engaging windows, but for the ultimate thrill retire to a melodious fitting room with festoons of spectacular apparel and abandon yourself to a cyclone of trying-on.

EVEN the most velvety vamp would yield unconditionally to the elysian new Jaeger woollens. Imagine the most dovelike textures, some sleek as flattery,

others fraught with a whimsical sponginess or mossiness. If you've a yen for looking Cavalcadish and leg-o'-muttony about the sleeves you'll find heaps to amuse you in our gay collection.

WHAT about D for example, in scarlet with endearing enamel buttons emblazoned with your very own initials? Or a miraculous affair A which contrives to be blamelessly unlike and riotously worldly in one breath of pearl-grey wool. The leg-o'-mutton influence

even enriches that once soulless garment the cardigan — see E Lots of lovely ladies are plunging headlong into the crinkly crispness of that little two-piece frock C which is super-eligible in coral colour when worn under a raisin-brown coat.

AS for our coats, they're one and all ecstatically plausible and children-of-the-Ritzy with the most luminous tricks up their sleeves. We've got droves of them with winsome little tippets, but one of our most engaging fancies is worn with a rather spartan coat B Merely a buoyant little dog-collar of loops of scarlet wool.

TO convulse your friends with envy top the whole with a microscopic cap decked with a cockscomb of the same life-brightening loops—and, of course, if you're craving beguiling and feasible accessories in the way of jumpers and scarves and what-have-you, the Jaeger Fashion Floor is simply populated with them.

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World-Cruising by Flying-Boat: By Capt. C. E. Ward

An Air-Yacht Goes East

CAPT. H. C. BIARD, for many years test pilot to Supermarine's and winner of the Schneider Trophy at Naples in 1922, left Southampton last week, piloting Mrs. J. J. James and her son on a flight to the East. Their machine is interesting, being the only monoplane flying-boat in this country which adopts the German system of stub-floats attached to the hull. Three Armstrong-Siddeley "Panther" engines give it a speed of 100 knots an hour at sea-level. It was built at Woolston and bought by Mrs. James, being fitted out as a luxurious air-yacht, including a galley, two cabins with settees convertible to sleeping-berths, and all the ingenious cupboards for storage purposes that one finds on an ordinary yacht. Electric light, wireless for communication with ground stations, and a broadcast receiving set are also installed. A machine of this kind is the latest thing for a cruise round the world, which is not possible with any degree of comfort in a sailing-yacht making slow progress on the water, and unpleasant in dirty weather. The flying-yacht is the private cruiser of the future, and in the design of sea-going aircraft British constructors hold the lead at the present time. The French were so unsuccessful with their own boats that they bought, from Short Brothers, a licence to build the "Calcutta" in France, five of which are to be used by their Navy, and two, equipped with three Hispano Suiza engines of 650 horse-power each, have been ordered by the "Air-Orient" for an extension of their service in the Far East to Hong Kong.

The pilots who assisted to make the recent Essex Aviation Display such a success were entertained at Grosvenor House, and our picture shows Lady Bowden, Mr. C. W. A. Scott, of Australian flight fame on the left, and Captain Lamplugh, who determines our insurance premium when we fly

Mrs. G. R. M. Patterson, one of the few women to hold a commercial pilot's licence, is seen in the centre with her Cirrus Moth, at Lympne, where the Cinque Ports Flying Club has its headquarters. Standing on either side of her, after their first flight, are Miss Lois and Miss Peggy Fawcus, daughters of Mr. Rex Fawcus, famous as a big-game hunter

Those Infra-Red Rays

THROUGH the enterprise of the *Times*, some remarkable pictures have been taken from the air with the infra-red filter and plate that penetrates mist and haze, recording detail quite invisible to the naked eye. The possibilities for air survey are enormous, enabling photography to take place in weather conditions which are unsuitable with the normal type of camera and plate. So far, oblique photographs only have been taken, but experiments are to be conducted with a camera set vertically, the method employed when a map is to be made by overlapping and joining successive prints together. The *Times* used a Puss Moth, with a special mounting for the camera to absorb all vibration, and, at a height of 20,000 feet over London, one picture shows the East Coast from Essex to the Wash, a distance of about eighty miles.

By Air to Mount Everest

IF the necessary apparatus could be obtained in time, the flight over Mount Everest to be made by Lord Clydesdale might produce some extremely valuable results, quite apart from the prestige of an actual journey over the top of the mountain itself. Some of the difficulties of climbing the highest peak in the world are due to lack of knowledge of the slopes which surround the summit. Air photographs taken from all sides would assist very greatly the task of the climbing party, which is setting out early next year. The expedition by air has been made possible through the generosity of Lady Houston, always ready to aid an enterprise which will enhance the credit of British aviation. A flight over the Roof of the World is about the only spectacular trip comprising also the pursuit of knowledge which remains to be accomplished by aeroplane.

The Empire's Air Annual

EDITED by Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, O.B.E., the *Air Annual* has now reached its fourth edition, and occupies a permanent position as the work of reference on Imperial aviation affairs. It combines instruction, reading matter and excellent illustrations. I found much tabulated detail—especially that dealing with Imperial Airways, with various flying contests, and the different types of modern machines, both military and civil, to mention three sub-sections only—which is of value to the student of flying as an historical subject. Articles by Major R. E. Penny on "Seaplane Development," and by Major G. P. Bulman on the "Progress of British Aero Engines" bear the mark of authority, and survey the field in an impartial manner only possible by authors who are not connected with the Aircraft Industry except through official channels. A short article on the new standard of flying instruction, which has been initiated by Air Service Training, at Hamble, will attract attention abroad, for it emphasises that we have in England the only complete air university in the world. Pupils in residence at the present time include Mr. W. D. Campbell, an American taking "blind-flying," night-flying, and wireless instruction on different types of land and sea aircraft; Mr. E. K. Lee, honorary instructor to the Singapore Club, taking "blind-flying" and a commercial licence; Herr August Hell, an Austrian, on a general flying course; and a number of young men straight from school who would have gone normally to Oxford, Cambridge, or one of the other universities.

Ancient History

HOW many people remember that the first serious attempt to cross the Atlantic by air was made as long ago as 1910, when Walter Wellman, with Captain Murray Simon as pilot, and a crew of four, left Atlantic City in the airship America and flew for some 36 hours before engine failure compelled a descent into the ocean? The earliest flights to Egypt and India are worth recalling. In July, 1918, a Handley-Page bomber flew to Cairo, via Paris and Rome, with Sq.-Ldr. A. S. MacLaren as pilot, accompanied by General A. E. Borton. This machine was used against the Turks, and afterwards reached India piloted by Captain Ross Smith, with Sir Geoffrey Salmond and General Borton as passengers.

THE COSSACKS ARE HERE!

YES, like Lanvin, Nicolls have fallen for the Russian influence. The set-square shoulders, the tapered waist, the swinging skirts of the traditional Cossack greatcoat were too apt to be resisted! The wide armhole permits extra underneaths without destroying the slender mondaine silhouette. The close, left-shoulder buttoning keeps you warm as a Tartar. Picture yourself in Petrouskha, tall and attenuated, with your brisk cape of caracul buttoned up to your chin, 9 gns. Katinka shoulders its way into the heart with a tiny upstanding collar and Russian blouse fastening, $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns. And in Babourik you see the high neck-line, softened by a rabbit-ear cravat of velvet 5 gns. You can't realise how rich and strange these Cossack coats are till you see the rough grandeur of the materials, and the puissant Nicoll cut. Street Clothes—Ground Floor, is the place to find them. You won't see Ivan, alas! He's only put in to give atmosphere.

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The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring

DESPITE the very great improvements which have recently been made in simplified methods of control, it is probably not an exaggeration to say that ten per cent. of all motorists are still uneasy when called upon to drive their cars through busy traffic. "Of course, I never drive in London" is a phrase which is constantly heard, and there is no doubt that many country motorists who occasionally drive in London do so with reluctance, inwardly filled with anxiety lest their skill should be unequal to the task.

No one will deny that traffic-driving presents many real difficulties to the novice, and demands a fairly high degree of concentration even from the expert, yet I believe that many of the fears which it arouses are more or less imaginary. I even suspect that, in some cases, a mild form of claustrophobia is responsible for the nervousness of inexperienced drivers.

MY chief reason for so thinking is the fairly common fear of being "shut in" among a crowd of London 'buses in a traffic block. This fear arises, I suppose, from the immense size of the modern 'bus in comparison with the average private car. With a 'bus towering up on each side of him, the car-driver feels himself dwarfed and vaguely menaced.

I class this feeling as a "phobia" because it is, in fact, from these big 'buses that the "baby" car has least to fear. Their bulk may look alarming, but it is the rarest thing in the world for them, metaphorically or actually, to "throw their weight about." They are always ably, and nearly always courteously, driven. Personally, I am strongly inclined to class the London 'bus-driver with the London policeman as one of our most creditable institutions.

TAXI-DRIVERS also are a source of anxiety to the provincial motorist, but here again the danger is more imaginary than real. One cannot always approve of the way in which taxis are driven, but it is worth remembering that the taxi-man is nearly always a skilled performer, and that his livelihood depends upon his skill in avoiding serious trouble. He may appear to take chances, but actually he knows very precisely the capabilities and limitations of his own highly specialised vehicle, and nearly always drives accordingly.

Traffic Troubles—Real and Imaginary

London traffic, in fact, is very largely driven by professionals, and for this reason is very much less exacting than the amateur motorist might imagine. The professional driver may be many things, but he most emphatically is not a fool, and it is the fools who cause most of the difficult or dangerous situations.

Curiously enough, the same driver who feels nervous at the prospect of a drive through London is probably quite at home in the traffic of his own provincial town. To me, this seems hopelessly illogical, for I have always found provincial traffic to be much more dangerous, or at least much more exacting, than that of London. The provincial housewife on a shopping expedition has always seemed to me a far more alarming individual than the London 'bus- or taxi-driver.

THE standard of driving, without any doubt, is lower in the country towns, and the same, incidentally, may be said of the standard of walking. The country pedestrian has just enough familiarity with motor-cars to breed contempt, and just not enough to breed common-sense and caution. The standard of traffic direction is also much lower in the provinces. The London policeman treats the motorist in a friendly and generally helpful manner, and is always willing to indicate with a nod or a shake of the head whether he may proceed or not. When he wishes to hold up the traffic, he catches the eye of a driver some distance away, and gives him ample notice that he is to stop.

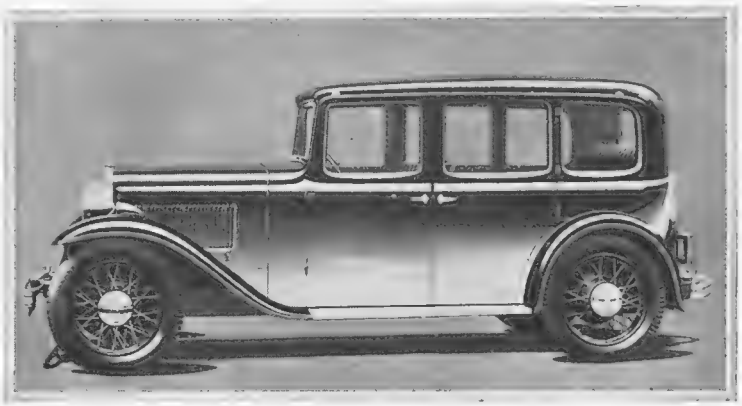
The country policeman, on the other hand, very often appears to regard the motorist with profound suspicion. He holds up the traffic by the simple process of sticking out a ham-like hand in front of one's radiator cap, and is quite likely to take it as a personal affront if, by signs, one seeks his permission to turn to the left.

The fact is, I suppose, that it is the mere volume of traffic in a big city which alarms and confuses the inexperienced driver. Certainly one's first drive down Piccadilly or Oxford Street is liable, in this respect, to be a rather disturbing experience, but this is largely because one makes the mistake of trying to keep an eye on all the other vehicles in addition to one's own. This is quite unnecessary; it is far better policy to mind one's own business and let the other drivers mind theirs.

IT is a curious fact, however, that the experienced traffic-driver, while apparently keeping his eyes on the vehicle ahead of him, is actually able to detect in an instant any unusual happening to his right or left. Without looking in that direction, he seems to be quite well aware, for instance, that a bicycle is whizzing towards him from the left and that an old man has just stepped off the pavement.

This is a useful accomplishment, and it is done by focusing the eyes at a very wide angle. Beginners may wonder how it is possible to control the focus of one's eyes, but every skilful driver must be familiar with the experience of focusing his eyes a great distance ahead when travelling at speed.

Many qualities, of course, are needed to make a really expert traffic-driver, such as perfect gear control, good anticipation, knowledge of psychology and a quick response between brain, hand, and eye. With a little confidence and average mental alertness, however, no driver need suffer from "nerves" when negotiating traffic which is merely heavy.



Reduced in price and greatly improved, the Austin Sixteen "Berkeley" de luxe Saloon makes a strong family appeal. It is excellent value for £318

This Vauxhall Cadet "Denton" Coupé costs £335 in a variety of colour-schemes, holds four in great comfort, and has ample accommodation for luggage

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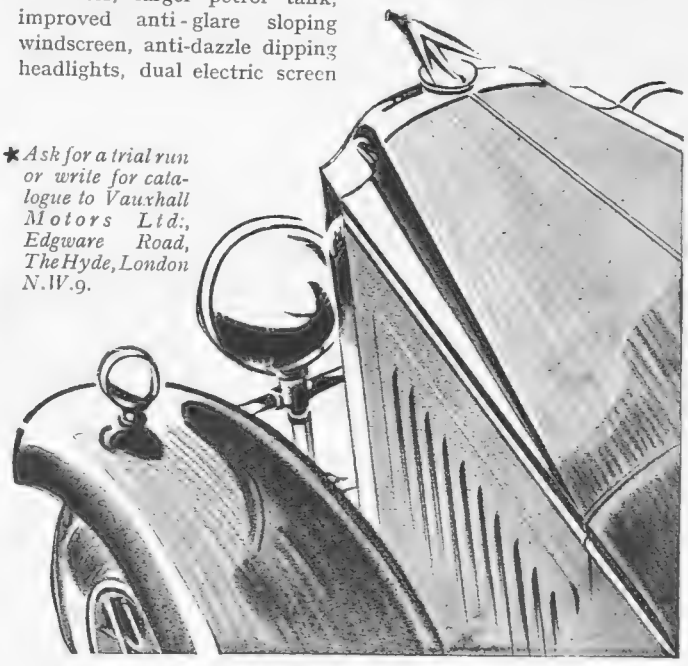
COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.



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THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

Intelligence or Instinct? By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE has been a great deal of correspondence lately over the question of reasoning in dogs, owing to the somewhat rash statement of some professor who announced that dogs did not reason as we understand the term, but that they acted according to instinct.

I am not sufficiently versed in scientific knowledge to discuss the matter knowledgeably, but I believe that people like Miss Francis Pitt, and others who have made a life-study of the subject, claim that dogs are not really the most intelligent of all animals. When you come to think that the dog has been the constant companion of man for thousands of years, I think it is rather astonishing, than otherwise, that he is not more "intelligent" than he is.

People who have kept otters and beavers as pets claim that they exceed dogs in reasoning powers and intelligence a 100 per cent., and this may be so, only, unfortunately, it is not feasible for everybody to go about with either of these animals as pets. I have kept a good many animals in my life, and one of the most charming was a dormouse. As you know, dormice curl up when they are handled by anybody, or in case of fright; this dormouse soon learned to distinguish between my hand and anybody's else, and would never curl up, but sat on my arm and drank out of a doll's bowl.

WE attribute a good many human qualities to dogs which they don't possess: we say they are sulky, or they have a mean nature and various things of this description. I think the scientists are right when they say that many actions that we attribute to reasoning powers are merely instinctive. But I have come across dogs who performed acts which, at first sight, would appear to indicate reason, but which were merely cause and effect. An Alsatian puppy had a ball with which she used to play. When it rolled under a chest, her master would fish it out with a stick. One day, he paid no attention to her signs, so she went and pulled out a stick and laid it at his feet. This, he thought, indicated that she had reasoned the matter out, but it was no more than the linking in her mind of the ball and the stick. It is probable that if he had always fetched an apple, and laid it on the chest, and then fished out the ball with his hand, she would have considered the apple as a contributory means towards securing the ball.

I should say that civilisation has blunted the dog's perceptions without increasing its intelligence to any marked degree. All sheep-dogs are more easily taught things than the spitz race. For instance, in training dogs for the blind, where they are taught to sit down on the edge of every kerbstone to give the signal to the blind man, an Alsatian has learned in three lessons that something of the sort is expected of him. But one of the spitz tribe, at the end of six months, is still gaily hopping over the edge of the pavement, without associating it with any reason for stopping. Yet the spitz would extricate itself from natural difficulties where the Alsatian (a very civilised dog) would die.

However, I expect that we shall continue to feel that, of all animals, the dog is our nearest friend, and I anticipate no immediate necessity to impose licences on otter and beaver pets!

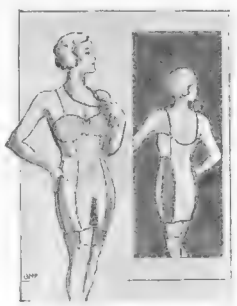
Finks Finsie, winner of the Open Bitch Class at the Kennel Club, owned by Lady Kitty Ritson

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"THE FOUNDATION OF CHIC"

Modern Fashions Are Exigeant; But Modern Corsetières Are Ingenious.

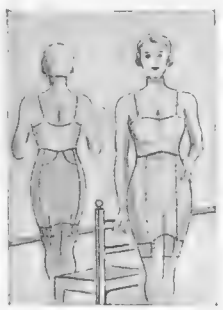
THERE has been a renaissance in the art of corset-making. In the past, it may be said, with a slight exaggeration of their manual capacity, that corset-makers held woman's form in the hollows of their hands. Fashion decreed high busts and tiny waists, and women surrendered themselves to the restrictions of steel, whalebone, and strained laces. Accentuated hips became the vogue, and, by pinching in here and pushing out there, the corset-maker converted fashionable womanhood into a passable imitation of Mrs. Noah (the jolly, painted Mrs. Noah, "made in Germany," since camera-men were not among the animals which accompanied the well-known family on their famous cruise!).



A pink satin corselette with lace brassière. From the Royal Worcester Corset Co.

When the straight-up-and-down frocks, somewhat immodestly called "chemise," demanded flat, boyish figures, women deserted the corsetière for the dietitian and the masseuse. But the art did not entirely fall into desuetude, for it was left to its practitioners to accomplish the most difficult feat of all and mould the figures of the women who could not reduce to ironing-board standards, to a semblance of slenderness.

The revolution in fashion—the moulded directoire and princess gowns, and fitted corselet skirts—has sent women back post-haste to their old and neglected friends, the corsetières, and they have not failed them. Even the most slender figure now requires a foundation for her frocks, which will assure suave and perfect lines. At the same time, modern women, influenced by their many athletic activities, the supple dances of the moment, their sense of physical as well as social emancipation, would never consentto encase their bodies in the rigid contraptions known to their mothers as "stays," nor would such garments accomplish the desired effect. Again, woman's taste in underclothes has become eclectic and fastidious, and the newest foundation garments must be, and are, of alluring fabrics and colouring.



A "J.B." Corset of pink brocaded elastic, with front section of matching brocaded material. Price 32/6

ONE of the most attractive models, perfectly adapted to modern needs, figures in the large and varied collection presented by the Royal Worcester corsetry. It is a corselette made of tea-rose crêpe-de-Chine or satin, with imperceptible inlets of silken elastic fabric to give the necessary resiliency. It is cut low at the back so that it can be worn with evening frocks which show an extensive décolletage, and its brassière top is made of fine net or lace.

Another outstanding design is a "J.B." girdle, of a delicious shade of pale coral pink in what appears to be fine silk broché, but, in actual fact, only the front, held flat and taut by two short bones, is of broché. The sides and back are of a matching silk elastic fabric which gives with every movement, while moulding the figure to the approved lines. It is cut fairly low under the bust and finished with a discreet motive of good lace. The elastic fabric stretches with the movements of the body in both directions, whether increased length or breadth is called forso that there can be no wrinkling, but, to make doubly sure, the girdle is finished with six suspenders.

These achievements of modern corsetry are but examples of the productions of these specialists, who provide for every figure, every taste, purse, and occasion, and they can be obtained in all the high-class and progressive fashion houses.

In fact, the foundation garment of the moment is a revelation of what can be done by practical industrialism to supply a demand, and it cannot but be gratifying to women to know that it has been accomplished because they insisted on retaining the healthy freedom they have achieved while maintaining the standards of feminine beauty.

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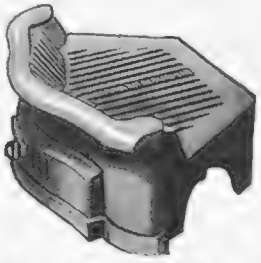

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The Editor's Box

From "Dawn of Love" to "Morning After"

These are not the chapter headings of a modern novel, nor part of a film scenario; they are nothing more nor less than two of the innumerable cocktails which cannot be made without the aid of Signori Martini and Rossi of Torino. From this firm come several irreplaceable cocktail ingredients for which no substitutes can be found. In times of stress, whisky can be used when brandy is indicated, and brandy can replace rum; the lemon looks pale, but steps into the shoes of the orange; a china tea-cup will, at a pinch, carry the drink as well as a glass. But what can the cocktail barman do if he has no Martini Vermouth, Dry Martini, White Martini Vermouth, or Aperitivo Rossi? Nothing, except tell you that the cocktail of your choice cannot be supplied to-day, or ask you to wait while he calls up the nearest wine merchant and seeks the immediate aid of the famous Turin firm. Moral: have their bottles always in your cellar.

A Date for Golfers

Sunday, October 30, is a date that must be noted in the golfer's diary, for it is then that the Branksome Challenge Cup will be played for on the course of the Parkstone Golf Club. This is the third year of the event, and the entry and organisation look like being better than ever.

One of the most attractive features is that the week-end can be spent at the Branksome Towers Hotel, Bournemouth, where competitors receive special terms and priority of entry, and where they will find a London dance band and cabaret, menus by the famous Branksome chef, and tennis courts and squash courts for spare moments. And competitors are given facilities for practice on the Parkstone course the day before.

The holder of the Cup is Cedric Scott; the matches this year are to be refereed by Cotton, the well-known professional. There are several prizes to be won for best scratch and handicap rounds, besides the Cup itself. Full particulars of the event can be obtained from the Editor, *Golf Illustrated*, 28, Woburn Place, W.C.1, to whom entries must be sent before October 24.

A Correction

Our apologies are due to Mr. J. A. Franklin, of the United States, who was described in our issue of last week as a Senator of the U.S.A. Mr. Franklin is not a Senator, and his interests are financial, and not political.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

Hors d'œuvres Variés
(Salade de Chouxfleur)
***
Consommé
Sole aux Champignons
***
Caneton Braisé aux Olives
Pommes Soufflés
***
Crême de Pêches
***
Café Dessert

Hors d'Œuvres Variés
(Salade de Chouxfleur)

Boil a cauliflower in salted water till tender, but not overdone; when cold cut up neatly in small sprigs. Beat up together three tablespoonsful of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; rub the dish slightly with garlic, arrange the pieces of cauliflower on it, strew over them some capers and finely-chopped parsley. Pour the oil and vinegar over and serve.

Sole aux Champignons

One large sole, 6 oz. of bread-crumbs, 3 oz. of butter, half a tablespoonful of parsley, one egg, and 8 oz. of mushrooms. Chop half of the mushrooms after they are peeled. Place them in a basin with the bread-crumbs, butter and egg; mix all thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle in the parsley. Place the sole on a tin, run a sharp knife down the centre from head to tail. Slip the knife down each side close to the bone and make a species of pocket for the stuffing. Place an equal quantity of the mixture in the basin on either side. Where the slit was made from head to tail, place the remaining mushrooms. Brush over with melted butter and bake in a greased tin very slowly for half an hour. Serve as hot as possible.

Caneton Braisé aux Olives

Partly roast a good-sized duck, untruss it and cut it into neat joints. Line a stew-pan with slices of streaky bacon, and a carrot, a turnip, one onion, a blade of mace, five cloves, and a little white pepper. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and a wineglass of white wine. Simmer slowly for twenty-five minutes. Take out the pieces of duck and strain the sauce. Blanch two dozen French olives and add them to the sauce. Dish up the duck on a croûte of fried bread, and pour the sauce round.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

The Final of the Oaks—which, as all the greyhound racing world knows, is the most important event staged for bitches only—takes place at the White City on Saturday evening, October 22. Twenty-four of the greatest bitches in the country have been competing for the coveted honour, which carries with it not only £500 in prize money, but also a cup valued at fifty sovereigns.

The first heats were run on Tuesday, October 11, and on the following Thursday, and it is impossible for me, writing at this time, to know which of the bitches entered have qualified for the Final. But it may be of interest to you to hear a little about one or two of the more famous, in case they should have fulfilled expectations and be concerned with the ultimate destination of that cup next Saturday night.

Drizzle

The famous greyhound, which won the Dogs' Oaks in 1931 in record time. A few weeks ago she nearly died, but is now racing again in this year's Oaks. She is valued at £2000

All followers of the sport will have rejoiced when they heard that the famous Drizzle—who won the event last year and who was reported until quite lately to be a doubtful starter—had been entered. It was only a few days before the entries had to be received that she had sufficiently recovered from the injury she recently suffered to take a little exercise and justify her connections in making the entry. If her present rate of progress has been maintained, I am very much inclined to the opinion that she will next Saturday be making a great attempt to win, for the second time in succession, the greatest honour open to her sex.

Actually eleven tracks were represented in the original entry. Two well-known bitches in Bella and Queen of the Suir, and the veteran, but game, Bradshaw Fold from West Ham, were prominent among the entries. Four came from Wimbledon and four also from Wembley. Harringay only entered Early Sunset, and Catford only Burnouse. Belle Vue, Manchester, has entered Shusan and Dessino, both of which are very well known on the Northern tracks. It is interesting to note that Drizzle is trained privately by Woolner, and it will be remembered that she was in Woolner's charge when she won the event last year. Only one other privately trained entry was received, that of The Old Fire Engine. The entry of twenty-four is exactly the same as that received twelve months ago, which is rather a coincidence.

I will make no attempt at prophesying the result of the race, but I cannot help hoping that Drizzle will, at any rate, be figuring again in the Final, for she has those attributes which always endear a greyhound to followers of the sport—grit and intelligence. Burnouse, I feel, may be with her in the final heat as well: Burnouse did very well to beat Early Sunset and other well-known bitches at the White City recently. Queen of the Suir—but what am I doing? The man who prophesys is wanting in grey matter. A hint does just as well.

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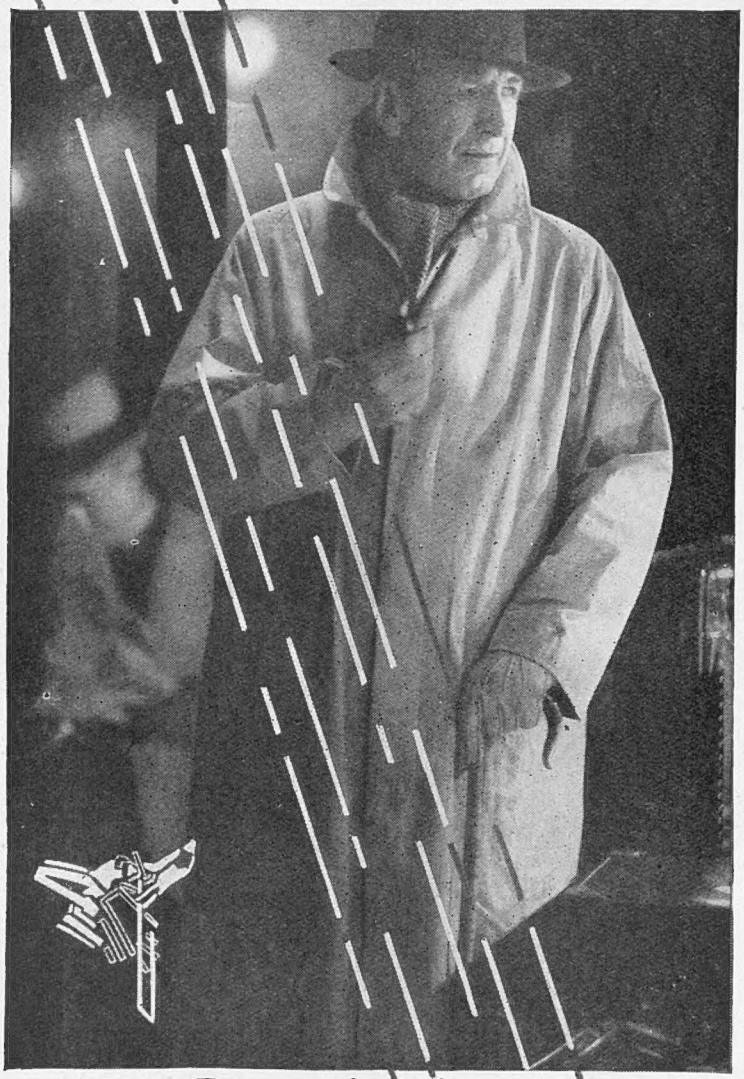

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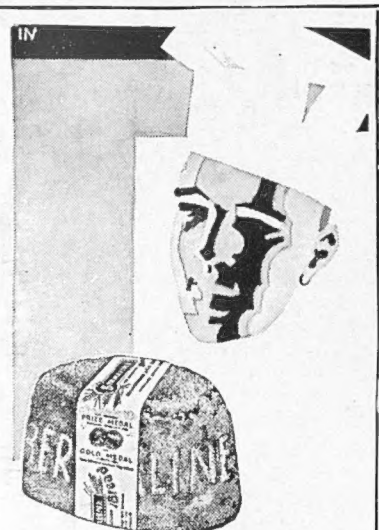

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